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The Marvellous Adventures of Pinocchio

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He felt the pulse of Pinocchio,
then examined his nose, and
after that, his little toe



ADVENTURES EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

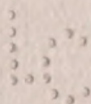
THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES OF
PINOCCHIO, BY CARLO LORENZINI

EDITED BY MARY E. BURT

From an original translation by

AUGUSTUS G. CAPRANI

Illustrated and decorated by Emily Hall Chamberlin



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“ONCE UPON A TIME”
THERE WAS A BOY
AND THERE WERE A HUNDRED THOUSAND BOYS
JUST LIKE HIM.

HE HAD NO EARS. HE STUCK PINS IN CHAIRS.

HE KEPT FIRE-CRACKERS IN HIS DESK.

HE SENT COMIC VALENTINES.

HE “COUNTED WITHOUT THE FAIRY.”

HE WAS JUST A PUPPET.

YOUNG MAN, YOU ARE GROWN UP NOW.

YOU WILL TAKE THIS BOOK TO YOUR ROOM
AND LAUGH OVER IT.

PRESENTLY YOU WILL SHED A TEAR AND SAY:

“I USED TO ACT LIKE PINOCCHIO;
WASN'T I FUNNY WHEN I WAS A PUPPET?”



HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARGHERITA OF SAVOY ,

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CARLO LORENZINI

THE AUTHOR OF PINOCCHIO

CARLO LORENZINI, who wrote under the pen-name of "Carlo Collodi," was born in Florence, Italy, on the 24th of November, 1826. He was the son of Domenico Lorenzini of Cortona, and Angelina Orzali, of Collodi, in the Valley of Nievole, Tuscany.

When a youth of fourteen he studied in the Seminary of Val'd'Elsa, a college for the training of priests. After three years he returned to Florence and completed his studies at the School of Padri Scolopi.

When the war of 1848 was declared, he enlisted as a volunteer in the Tuscan Legion. After a memorable defeat he returned to Florence in the same year, and began to publish a humorous paper, the *Lantern*, and soon gained a high reputation as a journalist. In May, 1849, the publishing of the *Lantern* was prohibited by order of the Government, together with that of other newspapers which were believed to be dangerous to the political rule then established.

In 1853 Lorenzini was invited by Lanari agent of the Royal Theatre, to give life to a periodical treating of everything in general, but more particularly of artists and theatres. In the course of one year this paper became so popular that the best Florentine writers joined the staff of editors, happy to associate their own work with the clever satire and humour of Lorenzini.

In 1858 our author left this periodical and went to Milan

to continue "The Mysteries of Florence," a novel of which he had already published two volumes. A year later, Piedmont having declared war with Austria, he suddenly left Milan, after hurriedly taking leave of his friends, and started for Pinerolo, where he enlisted as volunteer in the regiment of Cavalry Lancers of Novara. There he found his old and dear friend, Luigi Suner, a distinguished literary man, still living. The war ended in 1860 with the peace of Villafranca, when Lorenzini once more gave life to the old *Lantern* in partnership with the famous artist Materelli Adolfo. The paper met with splendid success, and Lorenzini articles were read with pleasure everywhere. It was during this time that the Minister of the Provisional Government asked our author to answer at once an impertinent pamphlet written by a man named Alberi, who had said that if Piedmont had not sent agents to misrepresent matters and mislead the people of Central Italy, their princes would never have been dethroned and would never have known that Victor Emanuel II. reigned in Sardinia.

Upon this invitation Lorenzini replied with a pamphlet entitled "Mr. Alberi Is Right," and he acceded to all that Alberi asserted in such an amusing and ironical way that it caused much fun in public. It was with this small but powerful work that he ceased to sign Carlo Lorenzini, his own name, to his writings, and took the pen-name "Collodi," as a compliment to his mother's birthplace, where he had passed a great part of his youth.

Shortly after this he was appointed Secretary of the Prefecture and entrusted with the task of theatrical censorship. He held this office for several years, continuing at the same time his journalistic work, writing for several papers and receiving high prices.

The "History of a Puppet" proves him to have been not only a clever literary man, but an excellent educator also.

This was so apparent, that when Martini retired from

the editorship of his journal, he offered the position of director to Collodi, and to induce him to accept it, settled upon him 3,000 francs (\$600) a year, with fifty francs additional for each one of his articles.

In the course of his long literary life, Collodi wrote several humorous books for older people, also comedies; but when he was pensioned by the Government, on the 8th of June, 1881, he began to devote his time wholly to writing for children, thus completing his fame as a man of letters.

Collodi published "Pinocchio" in 1883, and a Grammar in the same year. These were followed by an Arithmetic and a Geography and many school-books and story-books.

Collodi died October 26, 1890.

As soon as the death of this illustrious writer was known, the municipality of Pescia, interpreting the wish of the citizens, resolved in assembly to place a memorial tablet on the house of the Orzali family at Collodi, in remembrance of Carlo Lorenzini, whose *nom de plume* had given fame to that modest little village. This tablet was unveiled eleven months later. It reads as follows:

THIS HOUSE

In which he spent the first years of his youth
And to which he afterward frequently returned
is commemorated to

Carlo Lorenzini

ILLUSTRIOUS JOURNALIST

VOLUNTEER SOLDIER OF THE NATIONAL WARS

A WRITER, COURTEOUS, WITTY

WELL DESERVING OF THE POPULAR INSTRUCTION

Who under the Pseudonym of Collodi made
The name of this region renowned
The people of Collodi consenting and applauding

The Municipality of Pescia
here place this tablet

R. P.

Born the 24th November 1826

Died the 26th October 1890

Following the example of the inhabitants of Pescia, a similar movement was projected in Florence to render "Honour to Merit, and place a tablet on the house, No. 7 Via Rondinelli, where Lorenzini lived and died, also to place a marble bust of our author in a common school which should be named after him."

These praiseworthy intentions vanished little by little, and the committee separated without being able to bring their plans to a result. Several similar attempts since then have failed also.

These few notes concerning Carlo Collodi have been gleaned from an elaborate translation by A. G. Caprani from the *Corriere di Firenze* published in October, 1905. Those American children who are so fortunate as to visit Italy will doubtless seek out the house, No. 7 Via Rondinelli, Florence, and study for themselves the environments that could keep so charming a writer merry as well as strenuous.

As for the common school which should have been named after Collodi, that is a serious matter. "Mr. Alberi Is Right." For if such a school is not named after Collodi, who was a school himself—yea, a whole system of schools—a man who could write "Pinocchio" and make a Geography and Grammar, and use good language, who knows but the honour may be conferred on someone who does not deserve it?

Stand up to your guns, O ye Florentines, and give us a Collodi School before some shrewd American comes over and tacks his own name on to one!

But "What good will the monument do?" Is "Pinocchio" a school "reader" in every school in Italy? In trying to gather a few biographical notes from Italians in America I have become well aware that the masses of [children in Italian schools are *not* using as a school reader the matchless story "Pinocchio," the greatest classic for teaching young people the art of self-government ever written.

PREFACE

WHILE travelling in Italy in 1902, I found the book, *Pinocchio*, in Naples. I was told that many hundred thousand copies of it had been sold in Italy and that it was regarded as the greatest Italian juvenile ever written. I had never seen the book before and I presume that no English translation of the story had been made in America although one existed in England, I was told, made by some English scholar. When I came to the city of Florence, I went to the publishers who agreed to sell me the right to bring out a translation in America, and so this book is not pirated.

Pinocchio, like "*Alice in Wonderland*," or "*Robinson Crusoe*," or "*Rikki-tikki-tavi*," or "*Howell's Pony Engine*," or "*Gulliver's Travels*," is an immortal, a classic, a landmark in the world of letters. It is a child's book, a teacher's book, a parents' assistant, a guide to common sense, a book of fun, a serious book, a fairy-tale, a treatise on ethics.

It is a history of all "dull" boys, boys who

are so full of themselves that they have no ears for truth and reason. Such boys cannot take the evidence of their own senses but if they are put in the frying-pan on Monday offer themselves for the broiler on Tuesday.

Gepetto is a typical father, ready to sell his coat to provide a book for the little rascal who has landed him in prison. The Fairy is a typical mamma, who forgives and forgets and never loses faith and never fails in love.

The book is an allegory, and an incentive to action and thought, a guide to self-control, self-government, self-determination.

Pinocchio is a story to incite self-activity, "the propagation of brain."

The Caprani translation, from which I have edited this volume, was brought to me from my translator, A. G. Caprani, by the American consul at Naples late in the spring of 1904. Before my editing was wholly completed, an American publisher sent me a newly published little book of the story which I put into generous circulation at once. I am well aware that the two translations differ, as, for instance, where the Caprani translation shows the little blue carriage to be lined or furnished with whipped

cream and cakes, as the author intended; while the other translation lines the carriage with cream-colored cloth.

When I presented this story to a class of young boys they were carried by the fun in it, asked to have the reading continued, were willing to leave games to listen to it, said "thank you" with fervency for any short session with it, wrote compositions of marvelous adventures of some Pinocchio of their own imaginations. One boy gave a fanciful account of Pinocchio in a well-known New York candy factory, and another made a composition of Pinocchio in America on a railroad train.

The story creates interest in the nursery. Little Johnnie, aged two and a half, carried "Nokie" around with him and held it for "Babe Brudder" to see the pictures. Six-year-old Golden Hair taught himself to read from it, having first heard it read by his governess. "Stefania, at the age of eleven, had not read a book but when she began reading Pinocchio she did not leave it until she got to the end of it, delaying her meals for it." One of our most celebrated novelists sent the story to Betty, aged four, and wrote to her

mother: "Tell Betty to read Pinocchio very carefully or she will miss some of the quaint humour in it."

A specialist in reading in a large normal school says: "It is the best possible story for the third year grade. It is valuable because it is easy reading and because it creates so much innocent merriment among the children. Reading for children is apt to be too sombre, too technical, too charged with sawdust, not vitalised."

"Once upon a time," when I was a child, I found a gold pen in a valuable jewelled penholder. Not supposing it to have any value at first I took it for a plaything. But some one seeing me playing with it said: "I saw a learned judge hunting for his gold pen." It did not take me long to restore the jewel to its owner.

Go little book, valuable jewel from a great pen; hie thee to the judge, the masses of children to whom thou art and must forever be a treasure.

MARY E. BURT.

Westchester, Conn., July, 1908.

The Marvellous Adventures of Pinocchio

The Marvellous Adventures of Pinocchio

CHAPTER I

HOW IT HAPPENED THAT MR. CHERRY, THE CARPENTER, FOUND A PIECE OF WOOD WHICH LAUGHED AND CRIED LIKE A BABY

ONCE upon a time there was —
“A king!” all of my little readers will say.

No, children, it was not a king. It was just a piece of wood.

It was not fine and beautiful but a common stick from a wood pile — such a stick as you put in the stove or fireplace to kindle the fire and warm the room.

I do not know how it happened, but one bright day this piece of wood turned up in the workshop of Antonio, an old carpenter who was called Mr. Cherry because the end of his nose looked like a ripe cherry, it was always so purple and shiny.

As soon as Mr. Cherry saw this stick of wood he rejoiced and rubbed his hands for the gladness he felt while he muttered in a low voice:

“This wood has come at the right time. I will use it for the leg of a small table.”

So said, so done. He at once took a sharp axe to begin to take off the bark and to chip the wood; but when he was about to use the tool he heard a thin little voice cry out entreatingly:

“Do not strike me too hard!”

The carpenter did not strike. His arm remained in the air with the axe raised.

You can imagine the surprise of good old Mr. Cherry. He turned his eyes in amazement around the room to see whence that little voice could have come. But he did not see any one. He looked under the work-table and saw no one. He looked inside a cupboard that had always been kept closed but saw nobody. He examined the basket of chips and sawdust, and nobody. He opened the shop door to take a glance down the street, and nobody. What then?

He laughed to himself and scratching his wig said:

"I know! I know! That little voice is just a fancy of mine. I will go on working." So he took up the axe and struck an unmerciful blow on the wood.

"Oh! oh! You have made me ill!" cried the same little voice, and it moaned with pain.

This time Mr. Cherry stood aghast, his eyes protruding from his head with fright, his mouth wide open and his tongue hanging out like the tongue from a big fountain mask.

As soon as he could speak he said, trembling and stuttering with terror:

"Where does that little voice come from that says 'Oh! oh!' There is not a live soul in this room. Is it possible that this piece of wood has learned to cry and complain like a baby? It does not seem possible. Here it is, the piece of wood. It is only a stick of firewood, like all the others, and if put on the fire it will make the pot of beans boil. What then? Can there be anybody hidden inside? If some one is hidden in it so much the worse for him. I'll fix him!"

And so saying, he seized with both hands that poor piece of wood and began without mercy to dash it against the wall of the room. Then he stood still and listened to hear if

the little voice would lament. He waited two minutes and heard nothing; five minutes, and nothing; ten minutes, and nothing.

"I see! I see!" he said, making an effort to laugh, and ruffling his wig. "This little voice comes from my imagination. Let me resume work."

And because a great fear had taken possession of him he tried to hum a tune to keep up his courage.

And now, laying the axe aside, he took a plane in hand to smooth the piece of wood and bring it to a polish; but while he was planing it up and down he heard the same little voice say to him with a laugh:

"Stop! you tickle me!"

This time poor Mr. Cherry fell down thunder-struck. When he opened his eyes he found himself sitting on the ground. His face seemed curiously changed, and even the point of his nose, instead of purple had become blue through fright.

CHAPTER II

MR. CHERRY GIVES THE PIECE OF WOOD TO HIS FRIEND, GEPETTO, WHO TAKES THE PRESENT GLADLY AND MAKES FOR HIMSELF A MARVELLOUS PUPPET THAT CAN DANCE, FENCE, AND TURN SOMERSAULTS

AT THIS instant there came a knock at the door.

“Come in,” said the carpenter who had not the strength to raise himself from the floor.

A little old man frisked into the shop. His name was Gepetto but the rude boys of the neighbourhood, when they wanted to tease him, called him Polendina, on account of his yellow wig which resembled a pudding of yellow corn-meal. On such occasions Gepetto was very wrathful. Woe to him who called out “Polendina!”

“Good morning, Master Antonio,” said Gepetto; “what are you doing there on the ground?”

“I am teaching arithmetic to the ants.”

“May it do you much good,” said Gepetto.

"What has brought you here, friend Gepetto?"

"My legs, Master Antonio. I came to ask a favour of you."

"Here I am, ready to serve you," answered the carpenter, lifting himself on his knees.

"This morning an idea came into my head," said Gepetto.

"Let us hear it."

"I have thought of making for myself a pretty puppet of wood, a marvellous puppet that can dance, fence, and turn somersaults. With this puppet I want to travel about the world to earn my living. What do you say to that?"

"Clever Polendina!" cried the little voice.

On hearing himself called Polendina, Gepetto became as red as a pepper with anger. He turned toward the carpenter and said savagely:

"Why do you insult me?"

"Insult you!" exclaimed Antonio.

"You called me Polendina!"

"Not I!"

"Oh yes, it was you!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

“No!”

“Yes!”

And growing more and more angry they passed from words to acts, and taking hold of each other shook and clawed one another.

When the fight was ended, Master Antonio found in his hands the yellow wig of Gepetto, and Gepetto became aware that he had the gray wig of the carpenter between his teeth.

“Give me back my wig!” cried Master Antonio.

“And you give me mine and let us make peace.”

The two old fellows, after each had taken back his own wig, shook hands and pledged themselves to remain good friends the rest of their lives.

“And now, friend Gepetto,” said the carpenter, “what is that favour which you want from me?”

“I need a piece of wood with which to make my puppet. Will you give it me?”

Master Antonio very gladly went at once to take from his bench the piece of wood that had been to him the cause of so many fears. But when he was about to hand it to his friend, the piece of wood gave a kick and

sliding from his hands struck violently the bony shins of poor Gepetto.

"Oh! you have a polite way of giving presents, Master Antonio," said Gepetto. "You have almost lamed me."

"I swear to you that it was not I."

"Then I suppose I did it myself."

"The fault is in the wood."

"Yes, I know the wood is wood. But it was you who threw it at my legs."

"I did not throw it at you."

"Scoundrel!"

"Gepetto, do not offend me or I shall call you Polendina."

"Donkey!"

"Polendina!"

"Monkey!"

"Polendina!"

"Ugly, big monkey!"

"Polendina!"

On hearing himself called Polendina for the third time, Gepetto lost his temper and flung himself at the carpenter and they thrashed each other thoroughly.

After the battle, Master Antonio found his nose scratched and Gepetto had lost two buttons from his coat.



G



*epetto took the stick of wood
and . . . returned
home limping*



Having thus squared accounts, they shook hands once more and swore to remain good friends the rest of their lives.

Then Gepetto took the stick of wood and thanking Master Antonio, returned home limping.

CHAPTER III

GEPPETO, HAVING RETURNED HOME, BEGINS AT ONCE TO MANUFACTURE THE PUPPET, AND HE CALLS IT PINOCCHIO. THE FIRST ROGUERIES OF THE PUPPET

THE abode of Gepetto was a small room on the ground floor, which received light from an opening under the staircase. The furniture could not have been more simple: a dilapidated chair, a poor bed, and a damaged table. There was a fireplace in the back wall. In the fireplace there was a fire burning but the fire was painted; and beside the fire was also painted a broth-pot gaily boiling, from which a cloud came that seemed like real steam.

As soon as he was in the house Gepetto took up his tools and began to carve the wood and make a puppet.

“What name shall I give it?” said he to himself. “I want to call it Pinocchio. This name will bring him good luck. I have known a whole family by the name of Pinocchio.

There were Pinocchio the father, Pinocchia the mother, and several little boys called Pinocchio, and all fared well. The richest among them used to beg."

After he had found the name for his puppet, Gepetto began to work in earnest. He made the hair and then the forehead and then the eyes.

Fancy his astonishment when he became aware that the eyes moved and stared at him.

Gepetto, on seeing himself stared at by those wooden eyes, said in a sharp tone:

"Wicked wooden eyes, why do you stare at me?"

No one answered.

After the eyes he made the nose, which, as soon as it was made began to grow. And it grew, grew, grew, and in a few minutes it became a nose of never ending length.

Poor Gepetto strove to recut it, but the more he chipped and shortened it the longer that impertinent nose became.

After the nose he made the mouth. The mouth was not quite finished when it began to laugh and to make fun of him.

"Stop laughing!" said Gepetto hotly. But it was like talking to the wall.

"Stop laughing!" he said in a louder tone. Then the mouth stopped laughing but thrust out its tongue.

Gepetto pretended to take no notice of this impudence and continued to work. After the mouth he made the chin, then the neck, then the shoulders, the stomach, the arms, and the hands.

No sooner were the hands finished than Gepetto felt that his wig was being taken from his head. He looked up and what did he see? He saw his yellow wig in the hands of the puppet.

"Pinocchio, give me back my wig at once!"

But Pinocchio instead of giving him his wig pulled it over his own head until he looked as if he were half smothered.

At this insolent and mocking behaviour Gepetto became sad and melancholy, something that had never happened to him before in his life.

"You scamp of a son! you are not wholly made and yet you begin to show want of respect to your daddy. Bad boy! Bad boy!"

And he wiped away a tear.

There were yet the legs and feet to be made. When Gepetto had finished making the feet, he received a kick on the point of his nose.

"I deserve it," he said to himself. "I ought to have thought of that before. Now it is too late."

Then he gently took the little wooden boy under the arms and placed him on the floor to make him walk.

The joints of Pinocchio's legs were very stiff, and he could not move them, so Gepetto led him by the hand to teach him how to step forward.

When the legs became limber, Pinocchio began to walk by himself and to run around the room, until, passing through the door, he jumped into the street and began to run away.

Poor Gepetto gave chase, running as fast as he could, but he could not overtake him because that little rascal, Pinocchio, went by leaps and bounds like a rabbit, and striking his wooden feet on the pavement of the street, made a noise like twenty pairs of wooden shoes such as peasants wear.*

"Catch him! Catch him!" howled Gepetto but the people that were in the street, seeing the wooden puppet run like a Barbary horse, stopped

*In Italy the peasants wear wooden soles that have straw uppers across the toes. When the peasant lifts his foot the wooden sole falls down at the heel and he goes clapping along the street, making a loud noise.

in astonishment to look at it and they laughed and laughed in a manner which you can hardly imagine.

At last, luckily, a policeman came that way and hearing all the noise and believing that a colt had got away from its master, planted himself courageously in the middle of the street determined to stop it and prevent greater damage.

Pinocchio, seeing the policeman barring the way, tried to run between his legs, but this plan was not successful.

The policeman, without moving, caught him by the nose (it was so long that it seemed like a handle made expressly for the policeman to catch hold of) and he handed Pinocchio over to Gepetto, who, by way of punishment, wanted to box his ears. But fancy Gepetto's disappointment! He could not find any ears to box; and do you know why? Because in his haste to carve out the little wooden rascal he had forgotten to give him any ears.

Then Gepetto seized him by the back of the neck, and while he led him back, he said to Pinocchio with a threatening shake of the head, "When we get home we will settle our accounts!"

Pinocchio, on hearing this, threw himself on the ground and would not go another step, while the idlers and other curious people on the street formed a circle around them.

One said one thing and one another.

“Poor puppet!” said one, “he is quite right in not wanting to go home. Who knows how that rough man, Gepetto, might whip him.”

And others added malignantly that although Gepetto seemed to be an honest man, he was a real tyrant with boys. “If that poor puppet is left in his hands he is quite capable of knocking it to pieces!”

They said so much that at last the policeman gave Pinocchio his liberty and took that poor man, Gepetto, to prison, who, finding no words with which to defend himself, cried like a small calf, and on the way to the prison said sobbing:

“Unlucky little child! And to think I took so much pains to make a perfect puppet! But it serves me right! I ought to have thought of it before!”

What happened afterward is a very strange story. You could not imagine it and so I will tell it to you in the chapters which follow.

CHAPTER IV

THE ADVENTURE OF PINOCCHIO WITH THE
SPEAKING CRICKET, WHERE IT IS SEEN THAT
BAD BOYS DISLIKE TO BE CORRECTED BY
ONE WHO KNOWS BETTER THAN THEM-
SELVES

AND now, children, let me tell you that while poor Gepetto was being conducted to prison through no fault of his own, that rogue, Pinocchio, freed from the clutches of the policeman, ran across the fields in order to get home more quickly and in his great haste jumped over high mounds, and hedges of blackthorn, and ditches full of water, precisely as a kid or rabbit does when chased by hunters.

Having arrived at the house he found the street door half shut. He pushed it open and went in. As soon as he had bolted the door he threw himself sitting on the ground and gave a great sigh of relief.

But his happiness did not last long because he heard some one in the room utter, "Cri! Cri! Cri!"

“Who is calling me?” said Pinocchio, frightened.

“It is I.”

Pinocchio turned around and saw something which he took to be a grasshopper slowly creeping up the wall.

“Who are you, Grasshopper? Tell me.”

“I am the Speaking Cricket and I have lived in this room more than a hundred years.”

“But to-day this room is mine,” said the puppet, and if you wish to do me a real favour go away at once without even looking back.”

“I will not go away,” replied the Cricket, “until I have told you a great truth.”

“Tell it to me, then, and make haste.”

“Woe to those children who rebel against their parents and who capriciously abandon the paternal home. They will never have good luck in this world, and sooner or later, will have to repent of it in bitterness.”

“If it pleases you to sing that song, Cricket, do so,” said Pinocchio, “but I know that to-morrow at sunrise I shall run away, because if I stay here my fate will be that of all other boys. I shall be sent to school, and willingly or unwillingly, I shall be obliged to study; and I tell you in confidence I do not like to study. I mean to

amuse myself chasing butterflies and climbing trees to take little birds out of their nests."

"Poor little dunce! Do you not know that by so doing you will make a donkey of yourself and when you are grown up everybody will make fun of you?"

"Be still, you ugly Cricket of ill omen!" cried Pinocchio.

But the Cricket, which was patient and a philosopher, instead of resenting the impertinence continued in the same tone of voice:

"If you dislike going to school why not learn a trade so as to earn honestly a piece of bread?"

"Shall I tell you my reason?" replied Pinocchio impatiently, "among the trades of the world there is but one that is really suitable to me."

"And what is that trade?"

"That of eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusing myself and living the life of a vagabond from morning until night."

"Bear in mind," said the Speaking Cricket with its usual coolness, "that all who go into that business end in the hospital or in prison."

"Take care, you ugly Cricket of ill omen. If I get into a rage, beware!"

"Poor Pinocchio, I do really pity you!"

“Why do you pity me?”

“Because you are a puppet, and, what is worse, you have a wooden head.”

At these words Pinocchio jumped up in a fury and taking from the bench a wooden mallet, threw it at the Speaking Cricket.

Perhaps he did not intend to strike it, but, unfortunately, the mallet caught the Cricket in the head so that the poor insect had only breath enough to utter, “Cri — cri — cri,” and then it remained stiff and sticking to the wall.

CHAPTER V

PINOCCHIO IS HUNGRY, AND, FINDING AN EGG,
PROCEEDS TO MAKE HIMSELF AN OMELET;
BUT WHEN IT IS ALMOST READY THE OMELET
FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW

AND now it began to be dark and Pinocchio, remembering that he had eaten nothing, felt a craving in his stomach which seemed like an appetite. The appetite of a boy comes quickly and in a few minutes becomes hunger and the hunger soon becomes like that of a wolf.

Poor Pinocchio ran to the place where the broth-pot was boiling and tried to take off the lid to see what it contained when he found that the pot was painted on the wall. Fancy how surprised he was! His long nose became at least four fingers longer.

Then he began to run around the room searching through all the drawers and recesses for a piece of bread, even a little bit of dry bread, a crust, a bone for a dog, a little mouldy Indian-corn pudding, a fish bone, a cherry pit, in fact anything that could be eaten.

In the meantime his hunger increased. Pinocchio had no other relief but that of gaping and his yawns were so long that at times his mouth stretched as far as his ears. And after having yawned he felt his stomach sinking.

Then weeping and despairing he said:

“The Speaking Cricket was right. I did wrong in turning against my papa and in running away from home. If my daddy were here now I should not find myself yawning to death.”

But lo! now he fancied that he perceived in the sweepings something round and white that looked like a hen’s egg. In an instant he jumped at it. It was really an egg.

You can imagine that the joy of the puppet was indescribable. Almost believing that it was a dream, he turned the egg around between his hands and felt it and kissed it, and kissing it said:

“How shall I cook it? Shall I make an omelet? No, it is better to cook it on the plate! Or would it not be more tasty if I were to fry it in a pan? Perhaps it would be better soft-boiled? No, the quickest way is to cook it in the little earthen stew-pan. I am in such a hurry to eat it.”

So said, so done. He placed the small stew-pan on the stove full of burning cinders. In stead of oil or butter, he put a little water in the stew-pan. When the water began steaming — tac! — he broke the shell of the egg so as to drop the contents in the pan.

But instead of the white and the yolk of the egg, a lively young chicken sprang out, chuckling and frisky, and made a little courtesy saying:

“A thousand thanks, Mr. Pinocchio, for having spared me the effort to break the shell! Farewell and give my compliments to your family.”

Then the chick spread its wings and away it flew out of the window and out of sight.

The poor puppet remained motionless in amazement with staring eyes, open mouth, and the broken egg shell in his hands. Upon recovering from his astonishment he began to cry and scream, and stamp on the ground in despair, and while weeping he stammered.

“Truly the Speaking Cricket was right! Had I not run away from home and if my daddy were here I should not be starving to death. Ah! what a dreadful malady hunger is!”

And as his stomach kept on grumbling and

he did not know what to do to quiet it, he resolved to run down to the near village, in the hope of finding some benevolent person who would give him a piece of bread out of charity.

CHAPTER VI

PINOCCHIO FALLS ASLEEP WITH HIS FEET ON THE
STOVE AND WAKES UP TO FIND THEM BURNT
OFF

IT WAS a fearful night. It thundered terribly and the lightning was so constant and vivid that the heavens seemed on fire. A rough wind blew and whistled furiously, raising an immense cloud of dust. The trees around the country screeched and rattled.

Pinocchio was afraid of thunder and lightning, but his hunger overcame his fear. He opened the door and darted down the street and in a hundred leaps he reached the village out of breath and with his tongue protruding like the tongue of a hunter's dog.

But he found everything dark and deserted. The shops were closed, the doors of the dwellings closed, the windows closed, and not even a dog in the streets. It seemed like a place of the dead.

Then Pinocchio, driven by despair and



*deluge of water came pour-
ing down on him*



hunger, took hold of a door-bell and began to ring it with all his might, saying to himself:

“Someone will answer.”

After a while an old man with a nightcap on his head looked out of a window and said angrily:

“What do you want at this hour?”

“Would you be so kind as to give me a bit of bread?”

“Wait there and I will come back immediately,” responded the little old man, believing Pinocchio to be one of those ragamuffins who divert themselves at night by ringing door-bells to molest gentle people who are asleep.

After half a minute the window was opened once more and the little old man said to Pinocchio:

“Come under the window and hold up your hat.”

Pinocchio had never yet had any hat, but he drew close to the house, when a deluge of water came pouring down on him from a large pitcher and it watered him from head to foot as if he had been a pot with a withered geranium in it.

He returned home as wet as a little chicken, utterly exhausted from hunger and fatigue, and as he had no longer the strength to stand up, he

sat down, resting his wet feet, splashed with mud, on a stove full of live coals.

And there he fell asleep; and while he was sleeping his feet, which were of wood, took fire and slowly, slowly became charcoal and then burned to ashes.

Pinocchio slept and slept and snored as if his feet belonged to some other boy. Toward daybreak some one woke him up by knocking at the door.

“Who is there?” he asked, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

“It is I,” a voice responded.

It was the voice of Gepetto.

CHAPTER VII

GEPETTO RETURNS HOME AND GIVES THE PUPPET
THE BREAKFAST WHICH THE POOR MAN
HAD BOUGHT FOR HIMSELF

POOOR Pinocchio who was still sleepy, had not yet noticed that his feet were burned off. As soon as he heard his father's voice he slid down from the chair to run and unbolt the door; but after staggering a little he fell flat on the ground. In striking on the floor he made a noise as if a bag of wooden spoons had fallen from the fifth story.

"Let me in!" cried Gepetto from the street.

"Daddy, I cannot," cried the puppet, weeping and rolling on the floor.

"Why not?"

"Because my feet have been eaten off."

"And who has eaten them?"

"The cat," said Pinocchio, seeing the cat amusing itself in tossing some pieces of wood about with its little paws.

"Let me in, I say!" repeated Gepetto, "or else when I get in I'll give you the cat o' nine tails."

“I cannot stand up, daddy, believe me. Oh poor me! Poor me! I shall have to walk on my knees all the rest of my life!”

Gepetto, believing that all this lamenting was some trickery of the puppet, thought he would put an end to it; and climbing over the wall he entered the house through the window, uttering all sorts of threats; but when he saw his little Pinocchio on the floor, he was overcome with grief and pain, and taking the wooden child up in his fatherly arms most tenderly, he began to kiss and caress it while big tears rolled down his kind old face.

“My dear little Pinocchio,” he said, “how did it happen that you burned your feet off?”

“I do not know, daddy, but believe me, it has been a horrible night and I shall remember it as long as I live. It thundered and lightened and I was dying of hunger. Then the Speaking Cricket said to me, ‘It serves you right — you have been bad and you deserve it,’ and I said to him, ‘Beware, Cricket!’ and he said to me, ‘You are a puppet, you have a wooden head,’ and I threw a hammer at him, and he died, but the fault was his because I did not want to kill him. Then I placed the little stew-pan on the burning cinders to cook an egg but a small hen

flew out saying, 'Farewell and give my compliments to your family.' And my hunger grew and grew so I ran down to the village and pulled a door-bell. A little old man looked down from the window and said to me, 'Come under here and put up your hat.' Then he threw a pitcher of water all over me. It is no disgrace to ask for a bit of bread, is it? I came back home as fast as my feet would carry me and I was still very hungry. Then I rested my wet feet, to dry them, on the brass coal-pan full of burning cinders and fell asleep; and now you have come back and found my feet burned off. In the meantime I am starving to death! Ih! ih! ih! ih!"

And poor Pinocchio began to weep and he bawled so loudly that he could have been heard for more than three miles.

Pinocchio's story was so long and confusing that Gepetto remembered only one point in it and that was that the puppet was dying of hunger. So the good man took three pears from his pocket and giving them to Pinocchio said:

"These three pears were to have been my breakfast but I give them to you gladly. Eat them and may they do you good."

"If you want me to eat them, please peel them, daddy."

“Peel them?” said Gepetto, astonished. “I should never have believed, my boy, that you were so delicate of palate and so disdainful. Bad boy! In this world one must from childhood, become accustomed to eat all kinds of food because one never knows what may happen to him.”

“You may be right,” rejoined Pinocchio, “but I shall never eat any fruit that is not peeled. I cannot eat the skins.”

And that good man, Gepetto, took out a small pocket knife and, arming himself with patience, peeled the three pears and put all the peels on a corner of the table.

Pinocchio ate the first pear in two mouthfuls and was about to throw away the core when Gepetto caught him by the arm saying:

“Do not throw away the core. Anything in this world may become useful.”

“Indeed! I will never eat that core,” cried the puppet, turning and twisting like a big worm.

“Who knows what may happen!” replied Gepetto, without getting angry.

The three cores, instead of being thrown out of the window, were put on the table with the peels.

Having eaten, or rather devoured, the three pears, Pinocchio yawned at length and said plaintively:

“I am still hungry.”

“But, my boy, I have nothing more to give you.”

“Really, nothing?”

“I have nothing but these peels and cores.”

“Patience!” said Pinocchio. “If there is nothing else I will eat a peel.”

He began to chew one. At first he made wry faces, twisting his mouth. But one after another, he cleared them all off; and after the peels he ate the cores also. When he had finished eating everything he patted his little stomach and said:

“Now I feel pretty well.

“You see, then,” remarked Gepetto, “that I was right when I told you to learn to like all kinds of food and not be too dainty. My dear, we never know what may happen to us in this world. It is well to be prepared to take it as it comes.”

CHAPTER VIII

GEPETTO MAKES ANOTHER PAIR OF FEET FOR
PINOCCHIO AND SELLS HIS OWN OVERCOAT
TO BUY HIM AN A B C BOOK

AS SOON as his hunger was appeased the puppet began to whine and cry because he wanted a new pair of feet.

But Gepetto, in order to punish him for his naughtiness, let him weep in despair half a day and then said to him:

“Why should I make you another pair of feet? To see you run away from your home again?”

“I promise you,” said the puppet, sobbing, “that henceforth I will be good.”

“Every boy says that when he wants to obtain something,” said Gepetto.

“I promise you, truly, that I will go to school and you shall be proud of me.”

“Every boy says that when he wants to obtain something,” repeated Gepetto.

“But I am not like other boys. I am the best of them all and I always tell the truth. I

promise you, daddy, that I will learn a trade, and I will be the consolation and support of your old age.”

Gepetto's eyes were full of tears and his heart swelled with pity when he saw the affliction of his poor little Pinocchio. He did not utter another word but taking his tools in hand and two small pieces of well-chosen wood, set to work in great earnest, and in less than an hour the new feet were ready.

They were small, nimble feet, fine and nervous. They were as beautiful as if they had been modelled by a genius.

Then Gepetto said to the puppet, “Close your eyes and go to sleep.”

Pinocchio closed his eyes and pretended to be sleeping while Gepetto with some glue dissolved in an egg shell stuck the two feet on to the legs and he made the joining so neatly that no mark of the operation was visible.

As soon as the puppet saw that he had new feet he jumped down from the table where he had been stretched during the operation and began to exercise his legs in all sorts of movements and he danced a thousand little jigs as if he had gone mad with pleasure.

“In order to reward you for what you have

done for me I want to go to school at once," said Pinocchio to his papa.

"Good boy!"

"But to go to school I need some clothing."

Gepetto, who was so poor that he did not have even a cent in his pocket, made him a suit of clothes of fancy paper, a pair of shoes from the bark of a tree, and a cap of soft bread paste.

Pinocchio was delighted. He rushed at once to look at himself in a basin of water and was so pleased with his appearance that he strutted about and said:

"I look exactly like a gentleman!"

"You do, indeed," responded Gepetto, "because it is the clean dress and not the elegant one that makes a gentleman. Keep that in mind."

"By the way," observed the puppet, "if I go to school I shall need something else. In fact I shall need the most necessary and best thing of all."

"And what is that?"

"I shall need an A B C book."

"You are right, my boy, but how can we manage to get it?"

"That is very easy! You can go to a book-seller and buy it."

“And the money?”

“I have n’t any.”

“Nor I either,” said the good old man, growing sad.

Pinocchio, although he was a merry boy, became sad also. Everybody — even a boy — understands real poverty when brought face to face with it.

“Patience!” said Gepetto, suddenly straightening himself up, and seizing his old overcoat which was covered with patches, he ran out of the house. When he came back he had the A B C book but his overcoat was gone. The poor man was in his shirt-sleeves and the snow was falling outside.

“Where is your overcoat, papa?”

“I sold it.”

“Why did you sell it?”

“Because I was warm enough without it.”

Pinocchio understood this reply in an instant and being unable to check the promptings of his good heart, he sprang into his father’s arms and began kissing him all over his face.

CHAPTER IX

PINOCCHIO SELLS THE A B C BOOK THAT HE
MAY SEE THE THEATRE OF THE PUPPETS

THE snow had ceased to fall when Pinocchio with his new A B C book under his arm started on the way that led to the school. While walking along the most fantastic schemes and fancies ran riot in his little brain and he built a thousand castles in the air, each one more enchanting than the last. And talking to himself he said:

“To-day at school I want to learn to read; to-morrow I must learn to write; the day after to-morrow I shall learn to use numbers. After that with my education I shall earn a great deal of money and with the first coins that come into my pocket I will get a fine new coat of cloth for my papa. But why do I say cloth? It shall be of silver and gold with diamond buttons. That poor man really deserves it; for in order to buy me a book and have me educated, he sold his coat and now, he goes in his shirt-sleeves —

in this cold weather! Only a father is capable of such a sacrifice!”

Pinocchio was full of emotion while saying this, when suddenly he thought he heard in the distance the music of fifes and drums: pi — pi — pi, pi — pi — pi, zum, zum zum, zum.

He stopped to listen. The sounds came from the end of a long cross-street that led to a little village built on the seashore.

“I wonder what that music may be? What a pity it is that I must go to school. If ——” and he stood there perplexed. But he must make some resolution, either to go to school or to hear the fifes and drum.

“To-day I will go to hear the fifes, and to-morrow I will go to school. There is always time to go to school,” said the little rogue, shrugging his shoulders.

So said, so done. He turned into the cross-street and ran as fast as he could go. The more he ran, the more distinctly he heard the sound of the fifes and the beating of the drum: pi — pi — pi, pi — pi — pi, pi — pi — pi, zum, zum zum, zum.

And lo! he found himself in the centre of a large square full of people who crowded around

a big booth built of wood and canvas, painted in a thousand colours.

"What is that big booth?" asked Pinocchio, turning to a boy who lived in that village.

"Read the bill that is posted on that sign-board and you will know."

"I would gladly read it, but to-day I cannot read. I have not learned to read yet."

"Clever blockhead! Then I will read it for you. Know then that on that bill in letters as red as fire there is written, "Grand Theatre of the Puppets."

"When does the play begin?" asked Pinocchio.

"It has just begun."

"And how much is the entrance fee?"

"Four cents."

Pinocchio, who had the fever of curiosity, losing all control of himself, said without the least shame, "Will you lend me four cents until to-morrow?"

"I would gladly let you have them, but to-day I have no money to lend."

"For four cents I will sell you my jacket," said the puppet.

"Of what use could a flowered paper jacket be to me? If it rains there is no way to take it off one's back."

“Will you buy my shoes?”

“They are good for nothing but kindling wood.”

“How much will you give me for my cap?”

“A great bargain, indeed! A cap of bread crumbs! The rats would probably come and eat it off from my head.”

Pinocchio was on nettles. He was at the point of making the last offer but he did not have the courage. He hesitated, wavered, and fretted. At last he said:

“Will you give me four cents for this new A B C book?”

“I do not buy anything from boys,” replied the little fellow, who had better judgment than the puppet.

“For four cents I will take the A B C book,” said a dealer in second-hand clothes who had heard the conversation.

And the book was sold there and then. And to think that that poor man, Gepetto, had remained at home shivering from cold, in his shirt-sleeves for buying the A B C book for his son!

CHAPTER X

THE PUPPETS RECOGNISE THEIR BROTHER,
PINOCCHIO, AND GIVE HIM A FESTIVE
WELCOME

WHEN Pinocchio entered the Theatre of the Puppets something happened which nearly caused a revolution.

One must know that the curtain was already drawn up and the comedy had begun.

On the stage Harlequin and Pulcinello were disputing and as usual threatened to cudgel each other.

The spectators in the pit were roaring with laughter on hearing the dispute of the puppets who gesticulated and gave each other blows with such reality that they seemed like actual people.

Without any apparent cause Harlequin suddenly ceased reciting. Turning toward the audience he beckoned with his hand to some one at the farthest end of the pit and began to shout in a dramatic tone:

“Ye gods of the firmament! Do I dream

or am I awake! For certainly that boy yonder is Pinocchio!”

“It is surely Pinocchio,” shouted Pulcinello.

“It is he, really!” screamed Rosa from the back of the stage.

“It is Pinocchio! It is Pinocchio!” howled all the puppets, leaping out from behind the scenes.

“It is Pinocchio! It is our brother, Pinocchio! Hurrah for Pinocchio!”

“Pinocchio, come here to me!” shouted Harlequin. “Come and throw yourself into the arms of your wooden brothers.”

At this affectionate invitation Pinocchio gave a jump and from the rear of the theatre he reached the front seats; with another leap he mounted the head of the director of the orchestra, and from that point made a leap to the stage.

It is impossible to imagine the embraces — how they clasped each other around the neck — how they gave each other friendly pinches — how they squeezed hands — and the sugary speeches of true and sincere brotherhood that Pinocchio received from the actors and actresses of that company of dramatic vegetables.

It was a touching scene. But the audience,

seeing that the comedy was not going on, became impatient and began to cry out, "We want the comedy! Go on with the play!"

It was all breath thrown away, for the puppets instead of going on with the comedy, redoubled their clatter and cries — and taking Pinocchio on their shoulders carried him in triumph before the footlights.

Just then the puppet-showman came out. He was a big, ugly man who frightened people by merely looking at them. He had a rough beard as black as ink and so long that it reached the ground, and he trampled on it with his feet when he walked. His mouth was as large as an oven and his eyes seemed like two lanterns of red glass with the lights burning within. With his hands he cracked a large whip made of serpents and the tails of foxes twisted together.

At the unexpected appearance of the puppet-showman all the puppets became dumb. Not one of them dared to breathe. One could have heard a fly walk across the ceiling. Those poor little wooden actors and actresses trembled like so many leaves.

"Why have you come here and brought disorder into my theatre?" asked the showman, speaking to Pinocchio, in a coarse, loud voice,

like that of an ogre with a bad cold in his head.

“The fault is not mine,” said Pinocchio. “Believe me most illustrious ——”

“Enough of that,” said the showman and he tacked Pinocchio to the wall. “To-night we will settle our accounts.”

When the show was over the showman went into the kitchen where he had prepared for supper a fat sheep which he turned slowly on the spit. And as he needed more firewood to finish cooking it and make a nice brown roast, he called Harlequin and Pulcinello and said to them, “Bring me that puppet which you will find fastened to the wall by a nail. He seems to be made of dry wood and I am sure that if I throw him on the fire, he will give me a beautiful flame for my roast.”

Harlequin and Pulcinello hesitated, but terrified by an ugly scowl from their master obeyed. They soon came back to the kitchen bringing in their arms poor Pinocchio, who, wriggling like an eel out of water, screamed desperately:

“Oh, my daddy, save me! I do not want to die, no, I do not want to die!”

CHAPTER XI

THE SHOWMAN, WHOSE NAME WAS FIRE EATER,
SNEEZES AND FORGIVES PINOCCHIO WHO
SAVES HIS FRIEND, HARLEQUIN, FROM
DEATH

THE puppet showman, Fire Eater, seemed to be a terrible fellow with that rough, black beard of his covering his chest and legs in the style of an apron, but he was not a bad man at heart. When he saw poor Pinocchio struggling and heard him cry out, "I do not want to die! I do not want to die!" he was moved to pity.

After resisting his feeling of compassion for awhile, he could do so no longer and he gave a trumpet-like sneeze.

At that sneeze Harlequin, who had until then been in distress and bent down like a weeping-willow tree, became quite merry and leaning toward Pinocchio said in a soft whisper: "Good news, brother! The showman has sneezed and this is the sign that he is moved to compassion for you, and now you are safe."

For it must be known that men generally weep, or at least wipe tears from their eyes, when moved to compassion. Not so with Fire Eater. When his feelings were stirred he used to sneeze. It was his way of making known the sensitiveness of his heart.

After having sneezed the showman, without ceasing to look savage, bawled out to Pinocchio. "Stop weeping! Your lamentations have caused an uncomfortable feeling at the pit of my stomach. It makes me suffer from a spasm which almost — etchi — etchi!" and he sneezed again, twice.

"Happiness to you!" said Pinocchio.

"Thanks. And your papa and mamma, are they still alive?" asked Fire Eater.

"Papa, yes; but mamma, I have never known her."

"Who can tell what pain I should have caused your father if I had thrown you on those burning coals. Poor old man! How I pity him — etchi — etchi — etchi!" — and he sneezed again three times.

"Happiness!" said Pinocchio.

"Thanks! But I am also to be pitied because, as you see, I have no wood with which to finish cooking my roast of mutton and you would

have made a hot fire. However, now that I have taken pity on you, I must have patience. Instead of you, I shall burn up some puppet of my company. Hello! Policemen!"

At this call two wooden policemen appeared, tall and dry, with military hats on their heads and sword in hand.

Then the showman said to them in a hoarse voice: "Seize Harlequin, tie him well and throw him on the fire, I want my sheep to be well roasted."

You can imagine poor Harlequin. He was so frightened that his legs bent up double and he fell on his face to the ground.

At that distressing sight Pinocchio ran and threw himself at the feet of the showman and, weeping bitterly, began to cry out with beseeching voice, "Have mercy, Mr. Fire Eater!"

The showman's beard was wet with Pinocchio's tears but he answered, "There are no misters here."

"Have mercy, good Cavalier!"

"There are no cavaliers here."

"Have mercy, good Commander!"

"There are no commanders here."

"Have mercy, your Excellency!"

On hearing himself called "Excellency" the mood of the showman changed at once. He became very gentle and affable and he said to Pinocchio, "Well, what can I do for you?"

"I beg of you, spare poor Harlequin!"

"That is out of the question!" said Fire Eater. "Since I have spared you, I must have him put on the fire. I want my sheep well roasted."

"In that case," exclaimed Pinocchio, bravely straightening himself up and throwing aside his cap of paste, "in that case I know what my duty is. Come on, policemen! Tie my hands and throw me among the flames. It is not right that Harlequin, my true friend, should die for me."

These words, uttered in a loud voice and with heroic accent, made all the puppets that were present at this scene cry. Even the policemen, although made of wood, wept like two little lambs.

Fire Eater at first remained unmoved like a piece of ice; but slowly he began to soften and to sneeze. And having sneezed four or five times, he opened his arms and said to Pinocchio, "You are a brave boy. Come and give me a kiss."

Pinocchio ran like a squirrel and climbing up the beard of the showman gave him a hearty kiss on the end of his nose.

"Then am I to be spared?" asked poor Harlequin in a little voice that was just above a whisper.

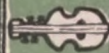
"Yes, you are spared," replied Fire Eater, and he added sighing and shaking his head: "I will have patience. I will eat my mutton half roasted this evening. But woe to him who shall be chosen another time!"

When the puppets heard the news that Harlequin was spared, they scampered to the stage and turned on the lights as if it were a gala evening and began to jump and dance. And they danced until morning.



And they danced till morning

A



CHAPTER XII

FIRE EATER MAKES A PRESENT OF FIVE GOLD COINS TO PINOCCHIO AND TELLS HIM TO TAKE THEM TO HIS FATHER. BUT PINOCCHIO ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE DECEIVED AND LED AWAY BY THE FOX AND THE CAT

THE next day Fire Eater called Pinocchio aside and said to him, "What is your father's name?"

"Gepetto."

"And what is his business?"

"He is a beggar."

"Does he earn much?"

"He earns so much that he never has a cent in his pockets. Just think of it! In order to buy me an A B C book he had to sell the only coat he had to his back. The coat had been darned and mended until it was a piece of patchwork."

"Poor fellow! I really pity him. Here are five gold coins. Take them to him as quickly as possible and give him my compliments."

Pinocchio, as one may easily imagine, thanked

the showman a thousand times. He embraced one by one all the puppets of the company, even the policemen, and, with inexpressible joy started on his journey homeward. But he had not gone two miles when he met a Fox lame in one foot and a Cat blind in both eyes, going along the same way and helping each other as best they could in their misfortunes. The Fox, being lame, walked along leaning on the Cat. And the Cat, being blind allowed itself to be guided by the Fox.

“Good day, Pinocchio,” said the Fox politely.

“How does it happen that you know my name?” asked the puppet.

“I know your papa very well.”

“Where have you seen him?”

“I saw him yesterday at the door of his house.”

“And what was he doing?”

“He was in his shirt-sleeves and was shivering with the cold.”

“Poor papa! But if God will it he shall shiver no more after to-day.”

“Why?”

“Because I have become rich. I am a great gentleman.”

“You a rich gentleman!” said the Fox, and

he began to laugh in a rude and mocking way. And the Cat laughed also, but he combed his moustache with his paw to conceal his laughter.

"There is nothing to laugh about!" cried Pinocchio, much annoyed. "I really regret making you feel envious, but here are five very beautiful gold coins."

And he took out the money which Fire Eater had given him.

At the pleasing sound of the gold pieces the Fox, by an involuntary movement straightened out his crippled leg and the Cat opened wide both eyes which seemed to be two green lanterns. But he closed them so quickly that Pinocchio did not notice them.

"And now," asked the Fox, "what will you do with the gold?"

"First of all," answered the puppet, "I will buy for my papa a coat of gold and silver with diamond buttons; and then I will buy an A B C book for myself."

"For yourself?"

"Yes, indeed, because I want to go to school and begin to study in earnest."

"Look at me," said the Fox. "Through a foolish passion for studying I have lost a leg."

"Look at me," said the Cat. "In conse-

quence of my foolish passion for studying I have lost the sight of both eyes."

At that very moment Merlo, the blackbird, who was resting on the fence by the roadside, gave a warning cry:

"Pinocchio," he said, "do not listen to the advice of bad companions. You will be sorry for it if you do."

Poor Merlo! Would that he had never said it! for the Cat suddenly sprang at him and without giving him time to say, "Oh!" ate him up at one mouthful, feathers and all.

Having eaten the bird, the Cat cleaned his mouth and shut his eyes anew and pretended to be blind as he had done before.

"Poor Merlo!" said Pinocchio to the Cat. "Why have you treated him so badly?"

"I did it to teach him a lesson. Another time he will know better than to interfere with the business of other folks."

They had gone about half way when the Fox stopping all of a sudden said to the puppet:

"Would you like to double your gold coins?"

"I don't understand you," said Pinocchio.

"Do you want with those five miserable gold pieces to make a hundred, a thousand, two thousand?"

“Certainly! But how can I do it?”

“Oh, easily. Instead of going home come with us.”

“And where would you take me?”

“To the Country of the Owls.”*

Pinocchio thought it over awhile and then said resolutely: “No, I will not go with you. Now, I am near home where I shall see my papa who is expecting me. Who knows how much that poor old man may have worried not seeing me return. I know only too well that I have been a bad son and the Speaking Cricket was right when he said: ‘Disobedient boys can never have good luck in this world.’ And I have learned it by experience and at my own cost, for many misfortunes have befallen me. No later than yesterday, at the house of Fire Eater, I ran the risk — Brrr!” — and Pinocchio wept aloud in merely thinking of it.

“Then you really want to go home, do you?” said the Fox. “All right! Go, and so much the worse for you!”

“So much the worse for you!” said the Cat.

“Think it over well, Pinocchio, for you give a fatal thrust to fortune.”

“To fortune,” repeated the Cat.

* The country of simpletons.

"To-morrow your five gold pieces might become two thousand."

"Two thousand!" repeated the Cat.

"But how is it possible that they can become so many?" asked Pinocchio, standing with his mouth open in amazement.

"I will explain it to you," said the Fox. "You must know that in the Country of the Owls there is a sacred field which everybody calls, 'The Field of Miracles.' In this field you dig a little hole and plant a gold coin. Then you cover it up with some earth, throw on two pailfuls of spring water, then sprinkle a pinch of salt over it. At night you go quietly to bed and sleep peacefully. During the night the gold piece will begin to grow and bud and blossom. And in the morning at sunrise if you return to the field, what will you find? You will find a beautiful tree laden with gold coins, growing as close together as kernels on an ear of corn in the month of June."

"If I were to bury five coins in that field, how many should I find the next morning?" said Pinocchio in astonishment.

"Oh, the counting is very easy," answered the Fox. "You can reckon them on your fingers. Suppose that each gold coin turns into

a bunch of five hundred. Multiply five hundred by five and you will find in your pocket two thousand five hundred ringing and glittering gold coins."

"Oh, how fine!" cried Pinocchio, jumping about with pleasure. "As soon as I have gathered these gold coins, I will take two thousand for myself and I will give the other five hundred to you as a present."

"A present to us! God forbid!"

"Forbid!" repeated the Cat.

"We do not work for our own interest; we work only to enrich others," said the Fox.

"Only others," repeated the Cat.

"What benevolent people!" thought Pinocchio, and forgetting all about his papa and the new coat and the A B C book and his good resolutions, he said to the Fox and the Cat, "Come along, I will go with you."

CHAPTER XIII

AT THE INN OF THE RED LOBSTER

THEY walked and walked and walked until toward evening when they arrived, all tired out, at the Inn of the Red Lobster.

“Let us stop here to eat a mouthful and rest awhile,” said the Fox. “We will start again at midnight and in the morning we shall arrive at the Field of Miracles.”

Having entered the Inn they all sat down at a table but none of them was hungry. The poor Cat, feeling seriously indisposed in the stomach, could eat nothing but thirty-five mullets with tomato sauce and four portions of tripe. As the tripe was not highly seasoned he asked three times for butter and grated cheese to make it more tasty.

The Fox would have been glad to order something; but as the doctor had prescribed a diet, he had to content himself with a rabbit cooked in sweet-sour sauce and garnished with dainty bits of chicken. After the rabbit, the Fox ordered as an appetiser, mixed dishes of

partridges, pheasants, frogs, lizards and paradise grapes; after that he wanted nothing more; the very sight of food made him ill.

Pinocchio ate the least of them all. He ordered one-fourth of a kernel of a walnut and a slice of bread but he left them on his plate. Poor fellow! His thoughts were fixed on the Field of Miracles and he was suffering with a fever for gold.

When supper was ended the Fox said to the Innkeeper: "Give me two good rooms, one for Mr. Pinocchio and one for myself and my companion. Before we depart we will take a nap. But remember to call us at midnight so that we may resume our journey."

"All right, sir," replied the host, winking at the Fox and the Cat, as much as to say, "I understand."

As soon as Pinocchio had gone to bed he fell into a sound sleep and began to dream. He dreamed that he was in the middle of a field and this field was full of little trees, laden with bunches of twigs, and each twig was laden with golden coins. These twigs were swinging in the wind and as they swung to and fro the gold pieces made a noise that sounded like "zin, zin, zin, zin, if any one wants us, let him come

and take us.” But when Pinocchio stretched out his hands to take those beautiful gold pieces by the handfuls and fill his pockets, he was suddenly awakened by three rousing knocks at the door of his room and the landlord entered to tell him that the midnight bell had sounded.

“Are my companions ready?” asked the puppet.

“Ay, they started two hours ago.”

“Why were they in such a hurry?”

“Because the Cat received a message that his oldest kitten was ill with chilblains on its paws, and likely to die.”

“Did they pay for the supper?”

“What a strange question! Those gentlemen are too well-bred to offer such an affront to your Lordship.”

“What a pity!” said Pinocchio, scratching his head. “But it would have been a pleasing affront!” Then he asked: “And where did those good friends say they would meet me?”

“At the Field of Miracles, to-morrow at dawn.”

Pinocchio paid a gold coin for the supper for himself and friends and then started off on his journey. He went groping along in the night for outside of the inn the darkness was so black

that one could not see anything. In the country around all was so quiet that one could not hear a leaf stir. Some ugly night birds crossing the road from one fence to another, came flapping their wings against the nose of Pinocchio, who, jumping a step backward from fear, cried out: "Who is there?" And the echo of the surrounding hills repeated in the distance, "Who is there? Who is there? Who is there?"

As Pinocchio walked along he saw glittering on the trunk of a tree a little animal that shed a pale, dim light like that of a small wax candle shining through a lantern of transparent porcelain.

"Who art thou?" asked Pinocchio.

"I am the ghost of the Speaking Cricket," answered the shining creature in a low whispering voice that seemed to come from the other world.

"What do you want of me?" asked the puppet.

"I want to give you good counsel. Go back to your papa. Take the four gold pieces that you have remaining and give them to him. He weeps and is in despair because he sees you no more."

"To-morrow my papa will be a very rich

gentleman because these four gold pieces will become two thousand."

"My boy, do not trust any one who promises to make you rich in one day. Such a fellow is usually insane or a knave. Listen to me. Turn back."

"I want to go forward."

"The hour is late."

"I want to go on."

"The night is dark."

"I want to go on."

"The road is dangerous."

"I want to go on."

"Remember that boys who will do as they please, must repent sooner or later."

"The same old story. Good night, Speaking Cricket."

"Good night, Pinocchio, and may heaven save you from the malarial vapours of night and from assassins.

When he had uttered these words, the Speaking Cricket extinguished its light as a candle is blown out and the road was darker than before.

CHAPTER XIV

PINOCCHIO MEETS WITH THE ASSASSINS

ALAS!" said the puppet to himself as he went on, "how unfortunate we poor boys are. Everybody scolds us, everybody warns us, everybody gives us advice. If you listen to any one he begins at once to assume the authority of a papa or schoolmaster. Even that tiresome Speaking Cricket, because I did not listen to him, who knows how many misfortunes may befall me! Luckily I do not believe anything about assassins and never did. It is my opinion that papas have invented assassins to frighten boys who want to go out at night. Suppose that I should meet them! Would it concern me in the least? Not at all. I would go and shout in their ears, 'Gentlemen Assassins, what is it that you want of me? Remember that with me there is no joking! Go about your own business and be silent!' After this speech I fancy I see those poor assassins run away as swiftly as the wind. But should they be so ill-bred as not to run away, then I would run

away myself and that would put an end to the matter."

But before Pinocchio could finish his soliloquy he fancied that he heard a slight rustling of leaves behind his back. He turned round to look, and in the darkness he saw two ugly black figures, completely disguised in coal bags. They ran after him by jumps on tip-toe as if they were two ghosts.

"Here they are, indeed!" said Pinocchio to himself, and not knowing where to hide the four gold coins he put them in his mouth, under his tongue. Then he tried to run away. But he had not taken a step before he was seized by the arms and he heard two cavernous voices say,

"Your money or your life!"

Pinocchio, being unable to speak, on account of the gold pieces in his mouth, made a thousand comical bows and courtesies in order to make the robbers understand that he was a poor puppet without even a cent in his pockets.

"Go on! Go on! Out with the money! Stop your nonsense!" cried the brigands, of whom only the two eyes were visible through holes in the coal sacks. The puppet made signs with his head and his hands as if to say:

"I have no money."

"Spit out the money or you are a dead boy!" said the taller assassin.

"Dead!" repeated the other.

"And after we have killed you, we will kill your papa!"

"We will kill your papa!"

"No, no, no! My poor dad, no!" cried Pinocchio, but it made the gold coins jingle in his mouth.

"You rascal! You have that money under your tongue! Spit it out!"

But Pinocchio took no heed.

"Ah! you pretend to be deaf? Wait a moment! We will make you spit it out!"

So one of them took him by the nose and the other by the seat of his breeches and they began to jerk him to and fro to compel him to open his mouth: but all in vain. His lips seemed nailed and riveted.

The shorter Assassin took out a big knife and tried to force it between the lips of the puppet. But Pinocchio, quicker than a flash of lightning, seized the robber's hand between his teeth and bit it off and spat it out of his mouth. Fancy his surprise when he saw that he had spat a cat's forepaw on the ground instead of a hand.

Encouraged by this first victory he freed him-

self from the clutches of the Assassins and, jumping over the fence at the side of the road began to fly across the country. The Assassins ran after him like two dogs after a hare. The Assassin who had lost a front paw ran with only one, and it was never known how he could manage to do it.

After a race of more than nine miles, Pinocchio was exhausted. Seeing himself lost he climbed a tall pine tree and sat down on the top branches. The Assassins tried to climb the tree also; but when they were half way up they slipped down and in falling, skinned their hands and feet.

But they did not give up as vanquished. On the contrary, having gathered a pile of dry wood at the foot of the tree, they set fire to it. In less time than it can be said, the pine began to burn and flamed up like a candle blown by the wind. Pinocchio saw the flames growing larger and not wishing to finish himself like a broiled pigeon, leaped quickly from the top of the tree and away he ran across the fields and vineyards, the Assassins after him without ever getting tired.

Meanwhile the day dawned and Pinocchio found his path interrupted by a broad and deep

ditch which resembled a sewer, full of muddy water of the colour of coffee and milk. What could he do? The Assassins were close upon his heels. "One — two — three!" shouted the puppet and darting forward with all his energy leaped to the other side. The Assassins jumped also but not having measured the distance carefully, splash! heels over head, they went into the ditch. Pinocchio having heard the noise of the fall and the splashing of the water laughed and shouted while he continued to run:

"A nice bath, Gentlemen Assassins!" Pinocchio fancied that they were drowned but turning around to look, he saw that they were both still giving chase, wrapped as before in their coal sacks and dripping water like two bottomless baskets.

CHAPTER XV

THE ASSASSINS HANG PINOCCHIO ON THE BRANCH OF THE GRAND OAK TREE

THE puppet, having lost his courage, was on the point of throwing himself on the ground and giving himself up as vanquished, when, looking around, he saw a snow-white chapel glittering in the distance among the dark green trees.

“If I had breath enough to reach that house I might perhaps be saved!” he said to himself. And without a moment’s delay he began to run through the forest at full speed, the Assassins following him.

After a desperate race of nearly two hours he arrived all out of breath at the door of the chapel and knocked. No one answered. He knocked again with greater violence for he heard the approaching steps and the heavy breathing of his persecutors. The same silence.

Seeing that the knocking was useless, the puppet in despair began to kick and strike the door. Then a Beautiful Girl came to the

window. She had blue hair and a white face like a wax figure. Her eyes were closed and her hands were crossed on her breast. Without moving her lips she said in a thin voice which seemed to come from the other world:

"No one lives in this house; they are all dead."

"Open the door!" cried Pinocchio, weeping and entreating.

"I am dead."

"Dead! Then what are you doing at the window?"

"I am waiting for a hearse to come and carry me away."

As soon as she had said this the Girl disappeared and the window closed without making any noise.

"Oh, Beautiful Girl with blue hair," cried Pinocchio, "for mercy's sake do let me in! Have compassion on a poor boy pursued by the Assass ——"

But he could not finish the word because he felt himself grasped by the neck and he heard the two rough voices growling and threatening:

"Now you shall not escape."

The puppet, feeling sure that he must die, began to tremble and he shook so that the joints

of his legs rattled as did also the four gold pieces hidden under his tongue.

“Now?” asked the Assassins, “will you open your mouth? Yes or no! Ah, you will not answer? Never mind! This time we will make you open it.

And they took two knives as sharp as razors and, *zaff*, and *zaff*, they gave him two blows in the ribs.

But luckily for him the puppet was made of hard wood and the razors were broken into a thousand splinters while the assassins remained with the handles in their hands, looking at each other.

“I understand,” said one of them. “He must be hanged. Let us hang him then.”

“Let us hang him,” repeated the other.

So said, so done, They tied his hands behind him and passing a rope around his neck, they hanged him to a branch of the Grand Oak.

Then they sat down on the grass waiting for the puppet to die. But after three hours the puppet had his eyes open as wide as ever and his mouth closed tight and he wagged his legs more than ever.

At last, annoyed because they had to wait

so long, they turned to Pinocchio and said mockingly.

“Good bye until to-morrow morning! When we return to-morrow we hope that you will do us the courtesy to let us find you dead, with your mouth wide open.” And they went away.

Meanwhile a stormy north wind had begun to blow. It roared and dashed the poor executed puppet back and forth, making him swing violently like the clapper of a bell ringing for a holiday, and the tossing caused him most acute pain. The rope tightening about his throat stopped his breathing.

Little by little his eyes became dull; and though he felt that death was near he hoped that some pitying soul might come and relieve him. After waiting a long time and finding that no one came to help him, he remembered his poor papa and stammered: “Oh my daddy! If you were only here!” and he had no breath to utter any more. He closed his eyes and opened his mouth, stretched his legs and with a last shudder remained motionless as if he were dead.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL WITH THE BLUE HAIR
HAS THE PUPPET TAKEN DOWN. SHE CALLS
THREE DOCTORS

WHILE Pinocchio was hanging from the branch of the Grand Oak and seeming more dead than alive, the Beautiful Girl with the blue hair looked out of the window, and was moved to pity by the sight of that unhappy creature who, suspended by the neck, danced a high-hop in the gusts of the north wind. She clapped her hands three times and at this signal a great noise of wings was heard, flying with precipitous haste and a large Falcon came and seated himself on the window sill.

“What is your command, my gracious Fairy,” said the Falcon, lowering his beak in act of reverence; for it must be known that the Beautiful Girl with the blue hair was no other than a good Fairy who for more than a thousand years had lived in the vicinity of this forest.

“Do you see that puppet hanging from the branch of the Grand Oak?”

“I see him.”

“Then fly to him quickly and with your strong beak loosen the knot that keeps him suspended in the air, and lay him gently on the grass at the foot of the tree.”

The Falcon flew away and in less than three minutes returned saying:

“What you commanded is done.”

“And how did you find him — alive or dead?”

“From his looks I thought him dead, but he can not be quite so, for when I untied the knot that held him, he gave a sigh, muttering in a low voice:

“‘Now I feel better.’”

Then the Fairy clapped her hands twice and a well groomed poodle appeared walking on his hind legs, and standing straight up like a man. The dog was dressed in the gala livery of a coachman. On his head he wore a cap with three points that were bordered with gold braid and a blond wig with ringlets that covered his neck. He had a chocolate-coloured coat with diamond buttons and two large pockets in which to keep bones. The mistress had given him this coat at dinner time. He wore a pair of crimson velvet breeches, silk stockings, low shoes, and

at his back a blue satin umbrella case in which to carry his tail in rainy weather.

“Up, like a soldier, Medoro,” said the Fairy to the Dog. “Get the finest carriage of my stable ready immediately and take the road to the forest. When you arrive under the Grand Oak you will find a poor puppet stretched out on the grass, half dead. Lift him up gently, lay him on the carriage cushions and bring him to me. Do you understand?”

The barbered poodle, in order to show that he had understood shook the blue satin umbrella case at his back three times and darted swiftly away.

In a little while a beautiful sky-blue carriage was seen coming out of the stables. It was quilted with canary bird feathers and furnished inside with whipped cream and cakes.

The carriage was drawn by a hundred pairs of white mice and the barbered dog sat on the box and cracked his whip to the right and to the left as a coachman does when he is afraid that he shall be late.

A quarter of an hour had not elapsed when the little sky-blue carriage returned and the Fairy who was waiting at the door took the poor puppet in her arms and carrying him into a

room where the walls were of mother of pearl, laid him on a bed and sent for the most famous doctors in the neighbourhood.

One after another, the doctors arrived. One was a Crow, one a Screech Owl, and the third was a Speaking Cricket.

“Gentlemen,” said the Fairy, turning toward the three doctors. “I would like to know if this unfortunate puppet is dead or alive.”

Hearing this question the Crow came forward first. He felt the pulse of Pinocchio, then examined his nose and after that, his little toe. After this careful examination he solemnly pronounced the following words: “It is my belief that the puppet is dead and gone; but if unfortunately he should not be dead, that would be a sure evidence that he is alive.”

“I regret,” said the Screech Owl, “that I have to contradict the Crow, my illustrious friend and colleague. I think the puppet is still alive; but if, unluckily, he were not alive, it would be certain evidence that he is dead.”

“Have you nothing to say to this?” asked the Fairy, addressing the Speaking Cricket.

“I say that a prudent doctor, when he does not understand a case, should remain silent.

That puppet's face is not a new one to me. I have known him for a long time."

Pinocchio, who until then, had remained as immovable as a piece of wood, shuddered convulsively so that he shook the whole bed.

"That puppet," continued the Speaking Cricket, "is a consummate rascal ——"

Pinocchio opened his eyes and closed them again, quickly.

"He is a bad boy, a good for nothing, a vagabond ——"

Pinocchio hid his face under the blankets.

"That puppet is a disobedient son who will cause his father to die of heart-break ——"

At this point the sound of sighs and lamentations was heard in the room. Fancy how astonished everybody was when, lifting the blankets a little, they found that it was Pinocchio who was sobbing and crying.

"When a dead boy cries," said the Crow solemnly, "it is a sign that he is recovering."

"I am sorry to contradict my illustrious friend and colleague," said the Screech Owl, "but it is my opinion that when a dead boy cries, it is a sign that he does not want to die."

CHAPTER XVII

PINOCCHIO EATS THE SUGAR BUT WILL NOT TAKE
HIS MEDICINE UNTIL HE SEES THE GRAVE-
DIGGERS WHO COME TO CARRY HIM OFF

AS SOON as the three doctors left the room the Fairy approached Pinocchio and touched him on the forehead when she perceived that he had a high fever from not saying anything.

So she dissolved a certain white powder in a little water and handing the glass to the puppet said lovingly:

“Drink it, and in a few days you will be well.”

Pinocchio looked at the glass, making a wry face and then asked in a piteous tone,

“Is it sweet or bitter?”

“It is bitter but it will do you good.”

“If it is bitter I do not want it.”

“Listen to me; drink it.”

“I do not like what is bitter.”

“Drink it, and then I will give you a lump of sugar to take the taste out of your mouth.”

“Where is the lump of sugar? I will take

the sugar first and then I will drink the bitter water."

"Do you promise?"

"Yes."

The Fairy gave him the sugar and Pinocchio ate it greedily. Then he licked his lips and said:

"How nice it would be if sugar were medicine. I would take it every day."

"Now keep your promise and take these few drops of medicine. They will give you back your health."

Pinocchio, unwillingly took the glass in his hand and smelled of the medicine. Then he held it to his lips. Then he smelled of it again. Finally he said:

"It is too bitter — too bitter! I cannot drink it."

"How can you say that when you have not tasted it?"

"I know. I can tell by the odour. I want another lump of sugar. Then I will drink it."

So the Fairy, with all the patience of an indulgent mamma, put another lump of sugar into his mouth and then offered him the medicine.

"I cannot drink it," said the puppet, making a thousand grimaces.

"Why?"

"Because that pillow on my feet annoys me."

The Fairy took away the pillow.

"It is of no use. I cannot drink it."

"What else annoys you?"

"The door is half open."

The Fairy closed the door.

"A plague on the medicine!" bawled Pinocchio, bursting into tears. "I will not drink that bitter water! No, no, no!"

"My boy, you will repent."

"I do not care."

"Your fever is dangerous."

"I do not care."

"In a few hours the fever will send you into another world."

"I do not care."

"Have you no fear of death?"

"No fear at all. I would rather die than drink that dreadful medicine."

At this point the door of the room was thrown open, and four rabbits, as black as ink, entered, carrying a small coffin on their shoulders.

"What do you want with me?" shrieked Pinocchio, lifting himself up in the bed.

"We have come to carry you off," answered the largest rabbit.

"To take me off? But I am not dead yet."

“No, not yet; but you have only a few more moments to live, since you have refused to drink the medicine that would have cured you of the fever.”

“Oh, my Fairy! Oh, my Fairy!” screamed the puppet, “give me the medicine at once. Hasten, for pity’s sake, for I do not want to die. No, I do not want to die.” And taking the glass with both hands he emptied it at one swallow.

“Patience!” said the Rabbit. “This time we have come on a useless errand.” And lifting the coffin on their shoulders again they left the room, grumbling and murmuring between their teeth.

In a few minutes after the rabbits had gone Pinocchio jumped out of bed in perfect health, for you must know that wooden puppets have the privilege of seldom falling ill, and recovering very quickly.

And the Fairy seeing him run and play as lively and merry as a young chicken, said to him:

“My medicine has done you good.”

“Yes, indeed! It has brought me back to life.”

“Then why was it necessary to beg of you to take it?”

“We boys are all alike. We are more afraid of medicine than of sickness.”

“Shame! Boys ought to know that a good remedy taken in time may prevent a dangerous illness and, perhaps, save them from death.”

“Oh! another time I shall not be so naughty. I shall remember those black rabbits with the coffin on their shoulders and then I shall take the medicine at once.”

“Now, come here and tell me how it was that you fell into the hands of the Assassins?”

“It came to pass in this way,” said Pinocchio. “The puppet showman, Fire Eater, gave me five gold coins and said: ‘Take those to your papa.’ But I met a fox and a cat, two very worthy persons, who said to me, ‘Do you want to make a thousand or two thousand gold pieces out of those five coins? Come along with us and we will take you to the Field of Miracles.’ And I said: ‘Let us go.’ And they said: ‘Let us stop at the Inn of the Red Lobster and after midnight we will start on our journey again,’ and when I awoke they were no longer there, they had gone on. Then I began to walk in the night and it was very dark. Then I met two Assassins dressed in coal bags and they said to me, ‘Hand out your money,’ and I said ‘I have

none,' because I had concealed the gold coins in my mouth and one of the Assassins tried to put his hand in my mouth and so I bit off his hand at one bite and spat it out, but instead of a hand, it was a Cat's paw that I spat out. Then the Assassins ran after me and I ran until they overtook me and tied me by the neck to a tree in this forest saying: 'To-morrow we shall come back here and then you will be dead with your mouth open, and then we shall take the coins that you have hidden under your tongue.' "

"Where are the four gold coins now?" asked the Fairy.

"I have lost them!" replied Pinocchio, but he told a falsehood, because he had them in his pocket.

As soon as he had uttered this falsehood his nose, which was already very long, grew two fingers longer.

"And where did you lose them?"

"Not far away from here, in the forest."

On uttering this second lie the nose grew still longer by the length of two fingers.

"If you have lost them in the forest near by, we shall find them," said the Fairy, "because everything that is lost near here in the forest is always found."

“Ah,” said the puppet, “now I remember that I have not lost the four coins. I swallowed them accidentally while drinking the medicine.”

At this third falsehood the nose became so long that poor Pinocchio could not turn around. If he tried to turn to the right he struck his nose against the bedstead or the window. And if he tried to turn to the left he struck it against the wall or the door. If he raised his head a little there was danger of thrusting it into the eye of the Fairy.

The Fairy looked at him and laughed.

“Why do you laugh?” asked the puppet, quite confused and anxious about the lengthening of his nose.

“I laugh at the stories you have told.”

“How do you know that I have told any stories?”

“Falsehoods, my boy, are easily detected because there are two kinds of them. There is a lie that has short legs and a lie that always has a long nose. Your stories are of the kind that have a long nose.”

Pinocchio, not knowing where to hide himself for shame, tried to escape from the room, but did not succeed. His nose had grown so long that he could not get it through the door.

CHAPTER XVIII

PINOCCHIO FALLS IN WITH THE FOX AND THE CAT

AS YOU may imagine, the Fairy left the puppet to cry and howl for a good half hour because his nose was so long that it would not allow him to go through the door. She did this to teach him a severe lesson that he might correct himself of that ugly vice of telling falsehoods. But when she saw him so disfigured, his eyes protruding with fright and despair, she was moved to pity. So she clapped her hands and at that signal a thousand woodpeckers flew through the window and into the room and resting on Pinocchio's nose, picked at it so hard that in a few moments he found that enormous, absurd nose reduced to its natural size.

"How kind you are, my Fairy," said the puppet, wiping away his tears, "and how I love you."

"I love you, too," replied the Fairy, "and if you want to remain with me, you shall be

my little brother and I will be your little sister."

"I should be glad to stay — but my poor papa!"

"I have thought of everything — your daddy has been advised already and will be here before dark."

"Really?" cried Pinocchio, jumping for joy. "Then, my Fairy, if you are willing, I should like to go and meet him on the way. I can hardly wait, I am so impatient to give a kiss to that dear old man who has suffered so much for me!"

"Well, go, but do not go astray. Take the road to the forest and I am sure you will meet him."

Pinocchio started. When he entered the forest, he began to run like a deer. But when he arrived at the Grand Oak he stopped, for he thought he heard some one among the bushes. In fact he saw, coming down the road, guess who? The Fox and the Cat, the same companions with whom he had supped at the Inn of the Red Lobster.

"Here is our dear friend Pinocchio," cried the Fox, embracing and kissing him. "How is it that you are here?"

"How does it happen that you are here?" repeated the Cat.

"It is a long story," said the puppet. "It will take some time to relate it to you. You must know that the other night when you left me alone at the Red Lobster Inn I met some Assassins on the road."

"Assassins? Oh, poor friend! And what did they want?"

"They wanted to take my gold coins away from me."

"Rascals!" said the Fox.

"Rascals!" repeated the Cat.

"But I began to run away," continued the puppet, "and they ran after me until they caught me, and they hanged me to the branch of that oak tree."

And Pinocchio pointed to the Grand Oak which was a few steps away.

"Who ever heard a worse story?" said the Fox. "In what a world are we doomed to live! Where can respectable men walk in security?"

While they were talking thus Pinocchio noticed that the Cat was lame in the right front leg because the paw, nails and all, was missing, so he asked him, "What have you done with your right paw?"

The Cat wished to answer but became confused so the Fox said at once:

“My friend does not reply because he is too modest and so I will answer for him. You must know that an hour ago we met on this road an old Wolf who was famished from hunger and who asked for charity. We had nothing to give, not even a bit of fish, so what did my friend do? He has the heart of a Cæsar. He bit off a paw from one of his own legs and threw it to the poor beast as a breakfast.”

And the Fox in saying this wiped away a tear.

Pinocchio also was much affected. He approached the Cat and whispered into his ear, “If all the cats were as kind as you, the mice would be happy.”

“And now what are you doing in this place?” asked the Fox.

“I am waiting for my papa, who may come at any moment.”

“And your gold coins, where are they?”

“I have them all in my pocket except the one I spent at the Inn of the Red Lobster.”

“And to think that instead of four coins, they might become a thousand or two thousand by to-morrow! why do you not follow my

advice? Why do you not sow them in the Field of Miracles?"

"To-day, it is impossible. I will go some other day."

"Another day will be too late," said the Fox.

"Why?"

"Because that Field has been bought by a rich gentleman, and after to-morrow no one will be permitted to plant gold pieces in it."

"How far from here is the Field of Miracles?"

"Less than two miles. Will you come with us. Within half an hour you will be there. You can plant the four coins at once. After a few minutes you will gather two thousand and this evening you will be here with your pockets full. Will you come with us?"

Pinocchio hesitated awhile before giving any reply, because he remembered the good Fairy, and old Gepetto, and the warnings of the Speaking Cricket. Finally he ended by doing as all boys do who have no heart or judgment, by shaking his head and saying to the Fox and the Cat, "All right! I will go with you." And they started.

After walking half a day they reached a city called Fools' Trap. As soon as he entered the city Pinocchio saw every street peopled

with lean dogs gaping with hunger, shorn sheep shivering with the cold, featherless hens begging for corn, large butterflies which could not fly because they had sold their brilliant wings, peacocks without tail-feathers who were ashamed to show themselves, and pheasants that sneaked around quietly, recollecting with sorrow their gorgeous golden and silver feathers, henceforth lost forever.

In the midst of this crowd of beggars and poor despondents, a few stately carriages were passing, occupied either by some Fox or Magpie or Bird of Prey.

“And the Field of Miracles, where is it?” asked Pinocchio.

“Two steps farther on,” said the Fox.

And so it came to pass. They crossed the city, and stopped outside of the walls in a lonely field which looked very much like all the other fields.

“Here we are,” said the Fox to the puppet. “Now stoop down and make a small hole in the ground with your hands and plant your gold coins.”

Pinocchio obeyed. He dug a hole and put the gold coins in it. Then he covered the hole with earth.

"Now then," said the Fox, "go to that ditch and get a pailful of water and moisten the ground where you have planted the gold."

Pinocchio went to the ditch and as he did not have a bucket at hand he took off a slipper and filling it with water sprinkled the ground which covered his money. Then he asked:

"Is there anything else to be done?"

"Nothing more," replied the Fox. "Now we can go away. In twenty minutes you can return and you will find a little tree sprouted from the soil and all the branches laden with coins.

The poor puppet, almost frenzied with joy, thanked the Fox and the Cat a thousand times and promised them a beautiful gift.

"We do not want any gift," answered those two evil creatures. "We are satisfied with the pleasure of teaching you how to get rich without labour and fatigue, and we are as happy as possible."

Having said this, they bade Pinocchio farewell, hoping that he would have a good harvest, and then they went away.

CHAPTER XIX

PINOCCHIO FOR BEING ROBBED IS PUNISHED
BY A FOUR MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT

THE puppet returned to the city and began to count the minutes one by one. And when it seemed to him that the time had come, he took the road once more that led to the Field of Miracles. And while he was walking along hurriedly his heart was beating loud and strong tic, tac, tic, tac, like a clock. Meanwhile he thought within himself:

“And if instead of one thousand, and if instead of two thousand I should find five thousand and if instead of five thousand I should find one hundred thousand? Oh, what a fine gentleman I should be! I would have a beautiful palace, a thousand little wooden horses, and a thousand carriages and coach-houses to amuse me. I would have a cellar full of goodies, and a library full of candies and cakes and other sweets, to eat.

Thus absorbed in wild fancies he arrived in the neighbourhood of the Field and halted to

see if he could catch a glimpse of a tree with branches laden with gold coins; but he saw nothing. He took a hundred steps. Nothing. He entered the Field and went to the spot where he had buried the gold pieces. Again, nothing. And forgetting the Rules of Politeness and Good Breeding, he took his hands out of his pockets and scratched his head.

Just then he heard a provoking laughter ringing in his ears, and looking upward he saw a Big Parrot in a tree who was shaking the dust out of his scant plumage.

“Why do you laugh?” asked Pinocchio, angrily.

“I laugh because in cleaning my feathers, I caused a tickling under my wings.”

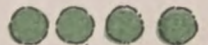
The puppet did not reply. He went to the ditch and, filling his slipper, as before, with water, sprinkled the earth which covered the gold coins, when lo, he heard another peal of laughter more impertinent than the first, in the silent solitude of that Field.

“Ill-bred Parrot!” cried Pinocchio, growing wrathful. “How can one know what you are laughing about?”

“I laugh at those simpletons who believe every foolish thing that is told them, and who



He heard another peal of laughter
more impertinent than the first



allow themselves to be trapped by those who are more crafty.”

“Are you speaking of me?”

“Yes, I mean you, poor Pinocchio, you who are so credulous that you can be made to believe that money can be planted in a field and gathered as one raises beans or cucumbers. I used to believe that once and to-day I suffer for it. Now, all too late, I am obliged to acknowledge that in order to make a little money honestly one must know how to earn it either by working with his hands or with his head.

“I do not understand you,” said the puppet, who had begun to tremble with fear.

“Patience! I will explain more clearly,” said the Parrot. “Know then that while you were in the city the Fox and the Cat came back to this Field; they stole the gold coins you had buried and then they fled like the wind. Any one who can overtake them is clever indeed!”

Pinocchio stood dumfounded; and refusing to believe what the Parrot had told him, he began with his hands and finger-nails to tear up the ground that he had watered. Dig, dig, dig — he made a hole so deep that a straw stack might have been placed in it; but the coins were no longer there.

Overwhelmed with despair he ran into the city and went directly to the court of justice and denounced to the magistrate the highwaymen who had robbed him.

The Judge was a big Monkey of the Gorilla species. He was much respected for his great age and his white beard, and especially for his gold spectacle frames which he wore without any glasses in them. These he was obliged to wear on account of weak tear ducts which had given him weeping eyes for many years.

Pinocchio related to the Judge every detail of the fraud of which he was the victim. He gave the names and a description of the rascals and ended by asking for justice.

The Judge listened to him with great benignity. He took a lively interest in the narrative and became quite excited. When the puppet had nothing more to say the Judge stretched forth his hand and rang the bell.

At that signal two large Bull Dogs entered, dressed like policemen.

The Judge, pointing to Pinocchio, said to them:

“That poor little stupid has been robbed of four gold coins; seize him and put him in prison.”

On hearing this sentence the puppet was so astonished that he stood thunderstruck. Then he began to protest; but the policemen, in order to avoid a useless waste of time put a muzzle over his mouth and took him to jail. And there he had to remain four months — four very long months; and he would have been detained even longer had it not been for a lucky circumstance. For the young Emperor who reigned in the city of Fools' Trap having won a brilliant victory over his enemies, ordered a great public celebration, illuminations, fireworks, races of Barbary horses with velocipedes, and as a sign of greater exultation, he ordered that the prisons be opened and all the ruffians set free.

“If the other prisoners are freed, I should be freed too,” said Pinocchio to the jailer.

“Not you,” replied the jailer. “You are not a criminal.”

“I beg your pardon,” answered Pinocchio. “I am the worst ruffian of them all.”

“In that case you have a thousand reasons, and taking off his cap respectfully and saluting him, the jailer opened the doors of the prison and let him go free.

CHAPTER XX

PINOCCHIO, LIBERATED FROM PRISON, STARTS
ON HIS WAY TO THE HOUSE OF THE FAIRY.
HE MEETS A SERPENT AND GETS INTO A
TRAP

JUST fancy the happiness of Pinocchio
when he found himself free!

He did not stop to think about it but left the city with all speed and took the road that led to the cottage of the Fairy.

There had been rainy weather and the roads had become miry so that everybody was up to his knees in mud. But Pinocchio did not mind that. Eager to see his papa once more and his little sister with the blue hair he ran jumping along like a foxhound and in running the mud was splashed over his cap. Meantime he went on saying to himself:

“How many misfortunes I have had! But I deserve them. Because I am a stupid, fault-finding puppet, always wanting to do things my own way without giving any heed to those who love me and who have a thousand times better

judgment than I. But henceforth I will change my behaviour and become a good and obedient boy. I have seen only too often that disobedient boys get the worst of it. And my poor papa! Is he waiting for me, I wonder? Shall I find him at the house of the Fairy? It is such a long time since I have seen that poor old man, I long to give him a thousand caresses and smother him with kisses. And the Fairy, will she pardon me for not heeding her warnings? And to think that I received from her such loving care and attention; and to think that I owe it to her that I am alive to-day. Was there ever such an ungrateful and heartless boy as I?"

At this point he stopped suddenly, in great fright and went backward several steps.

What had he seen?

He had seen a great Serpent stretched across the road. It had a green skin, eyes of fire, and a pointed tail that smoked at the end like a chimney top.

It is impossible to imagine the fear of the puppet who ran back nearly two thousand feet and sat down on a heap of stones waiting for the Serpent to go away about his own business and leave the road clear.

He waited an hour; two hours; three hours.

But the Serpent did not move, and Pinocchio could see, even at a distance the flame of its fiery eyes and the column of smoke that rose from the point of its tail.

Then Pinocchio, picking up his courage approached within a few steps of the Serpent and said in a feeble but sweet and insinuating voice:

“Pardon me, Mr. Serpent, but would you be so kind as to move a little and let me pass?”

He might as well have talked to the wall. No one moved.

Then the puppet began again in the same low voice:

“You must know, Mr. Serpent, that I am on my way home where my papa is waiting for me. I have not seen him for a long time, so please let me continue my journey.”

He waited for a responsive sign but no answer came; on the contrary the Serpent which, until that time, had seemed full of life became perfectly motionless and almost stiff. His eyes closed and the tail ceased to smoke.

“Can he be really dead?” said Pinocchio, rubbing his hands with a feeling of intense relief. And without delay he drew himself up to leap over him that he might continue his journey.

But before he could lift his foot the Serpent rose up suddenly like a spring unfastened; and the puppet drawing back from fright, stumbled and fell to the ground, heels over head, his feet in the air and his head in the mud.

At the sight of that puppet, waving his feet wildly in the air the Serpent burst into a fit of laughter and he laughed, and laughed, and laughed — with such explosions of laughter that he ruptured a vein near the heart and really died.

Then Pinocchio started on his journey again, running with all his might hoping to reach the home of the Fairy before dark. But he was nearly starved and being unable to resist the calls of hunger he jumped into a field to pluck a few bunches of grapes. Again ill luck awaited him.

As soon as he found himself under the vine — *crac* — he felt his legs caught between two sharp irons which made him see all the stars that were in the heavens.

The poor puppet was fast snared in a trap placed there by a peasant to catch some big polecats that were the scourge of all the fowls in the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER XXI

PINOCCHIO IS TAKEN BY A PEASANT WHO COMPELS HIM TO DO SERVICE AS A WATCHDOG

PINOCCHIO, as you may well imagine, began to cry and scream. But it was of no use for there were no houses near enough to be seen and not a living soul was passing that way.

In the meantime night came on. Owing partly to the pain caused by the trap cutting his ankles and partly to the fear of finding himself alone in the dark in the midst of those fields, the puppet nearly fainted. Just then a Fire-fly flew over his head and he called to it and said:

“Oh, little Fire-fly, would you do me the charity to free me from this torture?”

“Poor child!” replied the Fire-fly, stopping and gazing pitifully at Pinocchio. “How did it happen that your legs were caught in the sharp teeth of that trap?”

“I came into the field to pluck two bunches of these muscatel grapes, and ——”

"But the grapes! Were they yours?"

"No."

"Well, then, who has taught you to take other people's goods?"

"I was hungry."

"Hunger, my boy, is not a good reason for taking possession of things that do not belong to us ——"

"It is true! It is true!" cried Pinocchio, weeping. "And another time I would not do it."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by wary footsteps approaching. It was the master of the field who came on tiptoe to see if one of the polecats which had been stealing his chickens had been caught in the trap.

Great was his astonishment when bringing out his lantern from under his mantle, to find that instead of a polecat, a boy had been caught in the trap.

"Ah, you little thief," said the farmer angrily, "then it is you that carries off my chickens?"

"I? No! I? No!" cried Pinocchio, weeping. "I came into the field only to get two bunches of grapes."

"He who steals grapes is quite capable of stealing chickens also. You can count on me

to give you a lesson that you will remember a long time; and opening the iron trap he grasped the puppet by the nape of the neck, and carried him home just as a cat carries her kitten.

On arriving at the threshing-floor in front of the house, he threw him down, and keeping one foot on his neck said:

“Now it is late and I want to go to bed. We will settle our accounts to-morrow. Meantime the dog that watched our house has died. You shall take his place at once and be the watchdog.”

Said, done. He took a big collar all covered with brass spikes and put it around Pinocchio's neck and fastened it on so tightly that he could not take it off. There was a long, light, iron chain attached to the collar and the chain was secured to the wall.

“If it should begin to rain to-night,” said the farmer, “you can take shelter in this dog-house and lie down on the straw. It has served as a bed for my poor dog the last four years. And if robbers should come remember to keep your ears straight up and to bark.”

After this last warning, the peasant entered his house closing his door with a heavy bolt; and poor Pinocchio remained squatting on the

threshold more dead than alive with fear and cold and hunger. From time to time he thrust his hands in a rage inside the collar which choked him, and said sobbing:

“It serves me right. Indeed it serves me right. I have behaved like a vagabond. I have followed the advice of bad companions, and for this reason misfortune befalls me continually. Had I been a good boy, had I studied willingly and worked, had I stayed at home with my poor father, I should not find myself here in the midst of the fields, doing the work of a watch-dog, to the house of a peasant. Oh, if I could be born again and live my life all over! But patience! It is too late now.”

After these penitent thoughts which really came from a contrite heart, Pinocchio went into the dog-house and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXII

PINOCCHIO DISCOVERS THE ROBBERS AND IS
REWARDED FOR HIS FIDELITY BY BEING
SET AT LIBERTY

PINOCCHIO slept profoundly more than two hours, when toward midnight he was awakened by a whispering and a *psst* — *psst* of strange, feeble voices. It appeared to come from the threshing-floor. Putting out the point of his nose from the door of the dog-house he saw four animals with black and white fur, resembling cats, which were holding council. But they were not cats; they were polecats, carnivorous little animals which are very fond of eggs and young chickens. One of the polecats, leaving his companions, went to the door of the dog-house and said in a low voice:

“Good evening, Melampo.”

“My name is not Melampo,” replied the puppet.

“Who are you then?”

“I am Pinocchio.”

“And what are you doing here?”

"I am doing the work of a watch dog."

"And Melampo, where is he? Where is the old dog that lived in this snug house?"

"He died this morning."

"Dead? Poor beast! And he was so good. But judging from your looks you are also a well behaved dog."

"I beg your pardon — I am not a dog."

"What are you?"

"I am a puppet."

"And you serve the office of a watch dog?"

"Alas, yes, as a punishment!"

"Well, I wish to make the same agreement with you that I had with the late Melampo, and I hope you will be satisfied."

"And what is this agreement?"

"We will come here once a week, as in the past, to visit this poultry-yard by night, and we will carry off eight chickens. Of these chickens we shall eat seven, ourselves, and we shall give you one, on the understanding, of course, that you pretend to sleep and do not take the whim to bark and wake up the farmer."

"And Melampo, did he really do so?" asked Pinocchio.

"Yes, that is what he did and there was always perfect accord between us and him. So, sleep

tranquilly, and be assured that before going away we shall leave you a chicken all prepared for your breakfast to-morrow morning. Do you understand?"

"Only too well!" replied Pinocchio; and he shook his head in a foreboding manner as if he meant to say:

"After awhile we shall talk this over again."

When the four polecats felt that they were safe they went to the poultry-yard which was near the kennel and opened the little wooden door which closed the entrance with their teeth and paws. Then they slipped in one after another. But they had hardly entered when they heard the little door close again with great violence.

It was Pinocchio who had closed the door and he was not satisfied with merely closing it; he placed a big stone against it as well, and propped it shut. And then he began to bark, and he barked precisely like a watchdog, bu! bu! bu! bu.

At that barking the farmer sprang out of bed and seizing his gun he hurried to the window and asked: "What's the news?"

"Here are the robbers!" answered Pinocchio.

"Where are they?"

"In the poultry-yard."

“I will come right down.” And in less time than it takes to say “Amen” the farmer descended; he entered the poultry-yard and after having caught the four polecats and tied them up in a sack, he said to them with genuine satisfaction:

“At last you have fallen into my hands. I could punish you but I am not such a coward. I shall content myself, instead, by taking you to-morrow to the Innkeeper at the nearest village. He will skin you and cook you as he cooks a rabbit in sweet and strong sauce. It is an honour that you do not deserve but generous men like me do not mind such trifling courtesies.”

Then he approached Pinocchio and began to shower caresses upon him.

“How did you discover the plot of these four little thieves?” he asked. “And to think that my faithful Melampo never noticed anything wrong!”

The puppet then might have told what he knew about the shameful agreement that had existed between the Dog and the polecats; but remembering that the Dog was dead he thought within himself:

“The dead are dead. Why should I accuse

them? The best thing that can be done is to leave them in peace."

"Were you awake or asleep when the polecats came into the threshing yard?" the farmer asked.

"I was asleep," answered Pinocchio, "but the polecats awakened me with their prattle, and one came up to the dog-house and said to me: 'If you will promise not to bark and not to wake up the master we will make you a present of a chicken with the feathers all plucked off and ready to eat. Do you understand?' How could they dare to make me such a proposal? I am only a puppet and it may be that I have all the faults of a puppet but I shall never lend myself to robbers nor hold the bag for thieves."

"Good boy!" cried the farmer, tapping him on the shoulder. "These sentiments do you honour and to show my gratitude to you I shall leave you free to go to your home."

And he took off the dog-collar.

CHAPTER XXIII

PINOCCHIO BEWAILS THE DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL WITH THE BLUE HAIR. HE FINDS A PIGEON WHICH TAKES HIM TO THE SEABEACH

AS SOON as Pinocchio was relieved from the weight of that hard and humiliating dog-collar he began to run across the fields and did not stop a single minute until he reached the high road that would lead him to the cottage of the Fairy.

When he came to the high road he turned to look down on the plain below. He could see very well with the naked eye the forest where he had unfortunately encountered the Fox and the Cat. He saw towering amid the trees the top of the Grand Oak to which they had hanged him. But looking here and looking there he could not see the little house of the Beautiful Girl with the blue hair.

Then a sad foreboding filled his heart. He started to run with all the strength that remained in his legs and in a few minutes he found him-

self on the meadow where once stood the little white cottage. But the white cottage was there no longer. There was, instead, a marble slab on which one could read the following sorrowful words:

HERE LIES
THE LITTLE GIRL WITH THE BLUE HAIR
WHO DIED OF GRIEF
FOR HAVING BEEN ABANDONED BY HER
LITTLE BROTHER PINOCCHIO

How the puppet felt after he had looked at those words and somehow guessed out their meaning, I leave to your imagination. He fell on his face and, covering that marble slab with a thousand kisses, burst forth in loud lamentations. All night long he cried; and he cried all the next morning; and he kept on crying until he had no more tears left. And his shrieks and wailings were so heart-rending that all the hills around repeated the echo of them.

"Oh, my little Fairy," he cried, "why did you die? Why did I not die instead of you? I am so naughty and you were so good. And my poor papa, where can he be? Oh, my little Fairy, tell me where I can find him for I want to stay with him always, and never leave him again, never — never — never. Oh, my little

Fairy tell me that it is not true that you are dead! If you care for me truly — if you love your little brother, come back to life; return to me alive as before! Are you not sorry to see me abandoned by everybody? If the Assassins come they will hang me again to the branch of a tree and I shall die forever. Now that I have lost my papa and you, who will give me anything to eat? Where shall I go to sleep? Who will make me a new jacket? Oh it would be better, a hundred times better, that I should die, too. Yes, I want to die! ih! ih! ih!”

In this state of despair he would gladly have torn his hair out. But his hair being wooden he could not even have the satisfaction of running his fingers through it.

Meanwhile a large Pigeon circling in the air stopped a moment and poising on wide-spread wings called to him from a great height:

“Tell me, child, what are you doing down there?”

“Do you not see? I am crying,” said Pinocchio, lifting his head toward the voice and wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket.

“Tell me, then,” continued the Pigeon, “do you not know among your companions a puppet whose name is Pinocchio?”

“Pinocchio? Did you say Pinocchio?” cried the puppet, rising suddenly to his feet. “I am Pinocchio!”

On hearing this reply the Pigeon flew swiftly to the ground. He was larger than a turkey.

“Then you must know Gepetto?” he said inquiringly to the puppet.

“Do I know him? He is my poor papa. Has he spoken to you about me? Will you take me to him? Is he still alive? Answer me for the sake of mercy; is he still alive?”

“I left him three days ago on the sea-beach.”

“What was he doing?”

“He was making a little boat for himself in which to cross the ocean. The poor man has been travelling about the world during the last four months in search of you. And not having found you he has made up his mind to look for you in the far away places of the new world.”

“How far is it from here to the sea-beach?” asked Pinocchio with tender anxiety.

“Six-hundred and twenty-one miles.”

“Six-hundred and twenty-one miles! Oh, my Pigeon, if I only had your wings what a fine thing it would be for me!”

“I will take you there if you want to go.”

“How?”

"On my back. Are you very heavy?"

"Heavy? No. On the contrary I am as light as a leaf."

And then without another word, Pinocchio jumped on the back of the Pigeon astride, just as a riding-master would do, and shouted merrily,

"Gallop, gallop, gallop, little horse, for I am in a great hurry."

Away flew the Pigeon, up and up until he nearly reached the clouds. At that extraordinary height the puppet had the curiosity to look down. And he became so frightened and so dizzy that he twined his arms closely around the neck of his feathery horse.

They flew all day long. Toward evening the Pigeon said:

"I am very thirsty."

"And I am very hungry," said Pinocchio.

"Let us stop a few minutes at this pigeon-house and afterward we will resume our journey, and to-morrow, at dawn, we shall be on the beach by the sea."

They entered a deserted pigeon-house where was only a basin full of water and a small basket full of chick-peas.

In all his life the puppet never had learned

to like chick-peas. He thought they caused him to be ill. But that evening he ate so many that he was ready to burst and then he turned to the Pigeon and said, "I would never have believed that chick-peas were so good."

"When there is nothing else to eat, you must, my boy, make yourself believe that chick-peas are delicacies," said the Pigeon. "Real hunger is not dainty. It has no whims."

Having eaten their hasty meal they resumed their journey, and away they flew.

The next morning they arrived at the sea-coast.

The Pigeon put Pinocchio down on the ground and being too modest to care for thanks and compliments for the good service he had done, off he flew and was lost to sight.

The beach swarmed with people who howled and gesticulated, looking toward the sea.

"What has happened?" asked Pinocchio of a little old dame.

"This has happened. A poor old daddy, having lost his little son, has gone out in a small boat to search for him. But the sea is very rough and the little boat is on the point of sinking."

"Where is the little boat?"



away flew the pigeon, up and
up until he nearly reached
the clouds

"There it is, in the direction of my finger," said the aged woman, pointing to a small boat which, seen at that distance, seemed a nut-shell with a tiny man in it.

Pinocchio stared at the boat and after gazing attentively uttered a shrill cry:

"That is my papa! That is my papa!"

In the meantime the little boat, tossed about by the fury of the waves, disappeared for a moment between the high billows and then floated up again; and Pinocchio, standing on the top point of a high rock, never ceased to call his father by name and to make him many signals with his hands. He waved his pocket handkerchief and took off his cap and waved that.

Although Gepetto was so far away from the beach, he recognised his son, so he took his cap also and saluted Pinocchio and made gesticulations to show that he wanted to come to the shore but was prevented by the angry waves.

All at once came a terrible billow, and the boat disappeared. They waited for the boat to float up again but it was seen no more.

"Poor man!" said the fishermen who had gathered on the shore; and mumbling a prayer

they turned to go home, when lo! they heard a desperate cry, and looking back they saw a little boy throw himself from the top of a rock into the sea, crying out, "I want to save my papa."

Pinocchio, being all of wood, floated easily and swam like a fish. At times he disappeared under the water carried down by the sinking of the waves. And at times he reappeared with a leg or an arm out of the water at a great distance from the land. At last they lost sight of him and he was not seen again.

"Poor boy!" said the fishermen and mumbling a prayer for him, as they had done for his father, went on to their homes.

CHAPTER XXIV

PINOCCHIO ARRIVES AT THE ISLAND OF THE
INDUSTRIOUS BEES AND FINDS THE FAIRY
AGAIN

PINOCCHIO, animated by the hope of arriving in time to aid his poor papa, swam all night long.

And what a horrible night that was! It rained a deluge, it hailed, it thundered frightfully and with such flashes of lightning that it seemed as bright as day.

Early in the morning he saw a long strip of land not far away. It was an island in the middle of the sea.

Then he did his best to reach that shore but in vain. The waves, following each other in rapid succession and piling up on one another, tossed him about between them as if he were a straw.

At last, and luckily for him, there came a billow so powerful and impetuous that it hurled him on the sand of the shore. He struck the ground with such force that all his

ribs and joints cracked, but he consoled himself saying:

“I have had a miraculous escape!”

Meantime, little by little, the sky cleared; the sun came out in all its splendour, and the sea became quiet and smooth as oil.

Then the puppet spread out his clothes in the sun to dry and began to watch the sea anxiously hoping to find on that immense watery plain a small boat with a little man in it. All he saw was the sky, the sea, and a ship so far away that it seemed a fly.

“I wonder what the name of this island is,” he said to himself. “I wonder if it is inhabited by polite people who do not hang boys to the branches of trees. But how can I ask any one if nobody lives here?”

The idea of finding himself alone, alone, alone in that great uninhabited country was appalling and he began to cry, when, suddenly, he saw a large Fish swimming at a short distance. The Fish was going quietly on his way with his head above water. The puppet shouted in a high tone, so as to make himself heard:

“Hello, Mr. Fish, I want to speak a word with you.”

“You can have two words with me,”

answered the Fish, which was a Dolphin and so polite that you could not find another like him in any sea.

“Will you please tell me if there is a village on this island where one can find something to eat without danger of being eaten?”

“Certainly,” replied the Dolphin. “I found such a village not far from here.”

“And what road shall I take to go there?”

“You must take that lane on the left and follow your nose. You cannot mistake it.”

“Tell me another thing. You who stroll all the day and all the night about the sea, have you perchance come across a small boat with my father in it?”

“And who is your father?”

“He is the kindest father in the world as I am the naughtiest son living.”

“His boat must have gone down last night in that furious storm,” answered the Dolphin.

“And my papa?”

“By this time the terrible Shark has swallowed him — the Shark that has been exterminating everything in these waters and causing desolation.”

“Is it a very big Shark?” asked Pinocchio, who was trembling with fear.

"Aye, it is big," said the Dolphin. "To give you an idea of its size I must tell you that it is larger than a five-story house. It has a big ugly mouth so broad and so deep that a whole railroad train with the steam-engine can pass through it."

The puppet was so frightened that he uttered a cry of fear.

"Good bye, Mr. Fish," he said; "pray excuse me for the trouble I have made you and a thousand thanks for your courtesy."

So saying Pinocchio took the narrow lane and began to walk with a quick step, so quick that he seemed to run. Every time he heard a noise he turned around and looked back expecting to see himself followed by the terrible Shark as large as a five-story house, and with a mouth large enough to hold a railroad train with a locomotive attached.

After running along more than half an hour, he came to the little village. It was called the "Village of the Industrious Bees." The streets were crowded with people that ran here and there each man intent on his own business. Everybody was hard at work and all had something to do.

"This is not the place for me!" said that

lazy little fellow, Pinocchio. "I was not born to work."

Meanwhile he was tormented with hunger; for twenty-four hours had elapsed since he had had anything to eat, not even a portion of chick-peas.

What was to be done? He had to choose between two methods of getting food. He could ask for work, or beg for bread or a penny to buy it.

He was ashamed to beg because his father had always told him that only old people and the infirm had a right to beg. All others are in duty bound to work. And if they will not work, and so suffer hunger, they deserve no sympathy.

At that moment a man passed through the street quite out of breath. He was drawing with great effort, two carts filled with coal, the perspiration rolling down his face. Pinocchio, judging by his countenance that he was a good man, approached him and, lowering his eyes for shame, said in a low voice:

"Would you do me the charity to give me a penny for I am starving.

"Not only one cent but I will gladly give you four if you will help me pull these carts as far as my house."

"I am surprised!" answered the puppet, almost offended. "I have never taken the place of a donkey. I never pulled a cart."

"It would have been better for you if you had!" retorted the coal man. "Then, my boy, if you are really starving, eat two big slices of your pride, and take care that it does not give you indigestion."

In a few moments another man, a mason, came along who was carrying a basket of lime.

"Good man," said Pinocchio, "would you do the charity to give a penny to a poor boy who is starving with hunger?"

"Gladly; come along with me and help carry this lime. I will give you five pennies instead of one," answered the mason.

"But lime is heavy," said Pinocchio, "and I do not like to get tired."

"If you do not want to get tired, my boy, amuse yourself by yawning with hunger and may it do you good. Farewell!"

In less than half an hour twenty other persons passed along and Pinocchio addressed each one with a petition for alms. But they all answered:

"Are you not ashamed to go around begging like a blockhead? Go and ask for some work and earn your living."

At last a kind woman passed by, who was carrying two jars of water.

"Will you please give me a drink of water, kind lady," said Pinocchio, for he was very thirsty.

"Gladly, my child! Drink!" said the woman, placing her jars on the ground.

Pinocchio drank like a sponge. Then, wiping his mouth, he muttered in a low tone:

"Oh, I am so hungry! If I could only have something to eat!"

The good little woman on hearing these words, said immediately:

"If you will help me to carry home one of these jars of water I will give you a piece of good bread."

Pinocchio looked at the jars of water but did not answer "Yes" or "No."

"And with the bread I will give you a plate of cauliflower, seasoned with oil and vinegar," said the good woman.

Pinocchio gave another look at the jar but did not answer "Yes" or "No."

"And after the cauliflower, I will give you a sugar-plum full of sweet syrup."

Pinocchio could not resist the seductions of the bonbon and gathering up his courage he said:

"I must have patience. I will carry the pitcher home for you."

The pitcher was heavy, and the puppet, not having sufficient strength to carry it with his hands, took it on his head with great resignation.

On reaching home, the woman made Pinocchio sit down at a little table already prepared, and put before him the bread, the cauliflower, and the bonbon. Pinocchio did not eat. He gorged. His stomach seemed to be a quarter that had been vacant for five months. Having, little by little, stilled the griping pangs of hunger, he lifted his head to thank his benefactress. He gazed at her face, which seemed familiar, and he had not finished gazing when he uttered a long cry of surprise, "Oh-h-h-h!" There he sat with his eyes wide open, his fork in the air, and his mouth full of bread and cauliflower.

The woman laughed. "What is the cause of all this astonishment?" she asked.

"It is, it is," replied Pinocchio, stammering, "it is, it is that you look exactly like, yes, yes, yes, you have blue hair, yes, yes, yes, you have the same voice, you look just like her! Oh my little Fairy! Oh my little Fairy! Tell

me that it is you, really you!" Do not make me cry any more! If you only knew! I cried so much! I suffered so much!"

And in so saying Pinocchio wailed piteously and throwing himself on his knees, he clasped his arms around that mysterious little woman.

CHAPTER XXV

PINOCCHIO PROMISES THE FAIRY TO BE GOOD
AND TO STUDY BECAUSE HE IS TIRED OF
BEING A PUPPET AND WANTS TO BECOME
A REAL BOY

AT FIRST the good little woman did not acknowledge that she was the Fairy with the blue hair. But seeing that she was recognised by Pinocchio, and not wanting to prolong the comedy, she ended by admitting her identity and said to the marionette:

“You rascal of a puppet! How could you tell that it was I?”

“It was the great love that I have for you that told me.”

“You recognise me and yet you left me a little girl; you recollect, do you not? And now you find me a woman, old enough to be your mother.”

“Yes, I remember the Girl with the blue hair, and that I hold dear, because, instead of Little Sister, I shall call you Mother. Oh, for what a long time I have wanted a mother, like other

boys. But how did you manage to grow so quickly?"

"That is a secret."

"Teach the secret to me. I want to grow a little. Do you not see that I have always remained as high as a cut of cheese?"

"But you cannot grow," replied the Fairy.

"Why?"

"Because puppets never grow. They are born puppets, they live puppets, and die puppets."

"Oh, I am so tired of being a puppet! Always a puppet!" cried out Pinocchio, thumping himself on the head. "It is time for me to be a man."

"And you will become a man if you learn how to deserve it!"

"Really? And what can I do to deserve it?"

"It is a very easy thing to do. Accustom yourself to being a good little boy."

"Am I not a good boy now?"

"By no means! Good boys are obedient and you instead ——"

"And I never obey."

"Good boys like to study and to work but you ——"

"I am a loafer, a vagabond all the year round."

“Good boys always tell the truth ——”

“And I always tell falsehoods.”

“Good boys go to school willingly ——”

“But school gives me the stomach ache. However, from this day henceforth I will be different.”

“Do you promise it?”

“I promise it. I want to become a good little boy and a consolation to my papa. Oh, where is he now? My poor papa!”

“I cannot say.”

“Shall I ever have the good fortune of seeing him again and giving him a hug?”

“Yes, I believe you will. I am quite sure of it.”

At this answer Pinocchio was so glad that he seized the hands of the Fairy and covered them with kisses. He seemed almost crazy with joy. Lifting up his face and gazing at her lovingly he said: “Tell me, little Mamma, it is not true, is it, that you are dead?”

“It seems not,” replied the Fairy, smiling.

“If you knew what pain I suffered when I saw: ‘Here lies ——’”

“I know it. And it is for that reason I have pardoned you. The sincerity of your grief made me know that you had a good heart.

If a boy has a good heart, you can hope something from him even if he is roguish. There is always the hope that he may return to the true road. That is why I have come so far to look for you. I will be your mamma."

"Oh, what a fine thing!" cried Pinocchio, jumping with joy.

"You shall obey me and do what I tell you."

"Willingly, willingly, willingly!"

"To-morrow you shall begin to go to school."

Pinocchio, at once, became a little less merry.

"Then you shall choose a trade or a profession of your liking."

Pinocchio became very grave.

"What are you muttering through your teeth?" asked the Fairy in accents of reproof.

"I was saying," moaned the puppet in a low tone, "that it seems a little late, now, to go to school."

"No sir! Remember that it is never too late to learn."

"But I do not want to learn a trade or profession."

"Why?"

"Because it fatigues me to work."

"My boy," said the Fairy, "those who talk that way always end in the jail or the hospital."

A man, mind you, be he rich or poor, is obliged in this world to work at something. Woe to him who is lazy! Idleness is an ugly disease: and it must not be allowed to take root in childhood, for when you are grown up, it cannot be cured."

These words touched the soul of Pinocchio, Lifting up his head quickly he said to the Fairy:

"I will study, I will work, I will do all that you tell me; I am disgusted with the life of a puppet, and I want to become a real boy. You promised it to me; is it not true?"

"I have promised it, and now it all depends upon you."

CHAPTER XXVI

PINOCCHIO GOES WITH HIS SCHOOLMATES TO
THE SEASHORE TO SEE THE TERRIBLE SHARK

THE next day Pinocchio went to school. Fancy those rascally boys when they saw a puppet in their school. There was one continuous roar of laughter. One boy played him a trick; another made faces at him. One took his cap out of his hands. One pulled his jacket from behind and another tried to paint a pair of moustaches under his nose with ink; and some of them even dared to tie strings to his hands and feet to make him dance as puppets do in puppet-shows.

For a while Pinocchio took it calmly and went on, but at last, losing his patience, he turned to those who were teasing him and said sternly:

“Take care, boys; I have not come here to be your buffoon. I respect others and I require others to respect me.”

“Bravo! You have spoken like a book!” shouted the rogues, distorted with mad laughter, and one of them, more impertinent than the

others, put his hand forward in an attempt to catch the puppet by the nose.

But he was not quick enough, for Pinocchio thrust out his leg under the desk and gave him a kick on the shin-bone.

"Oh! what hard feet!" cried the boy, rubbing the bruise the puppet had made.

"And what hard elbows; harder than his feet!" cried another who for his impudence had received a punch in the ribs.

The fact is that by kicking and punching, Pinocchio, at once, gained the esteem of all the boys in school, and they gave him many friendly attentions and liked him very well.

The schoolmaster, too, praised him because he was so studious and intelligent, always the first to enter school in the morning and the last to leave in the afternoon.

The greatest fault he had was having too many companions; and among these there were several well known for shirking their lessons. The master warned him every day; and the good Fairy did not fail to repeat the advice:

"Take care, Pinocchio! Those bad companions will sooner or later make you lose your love of study and perhaps, will bring some great misfortune on you."

"There is no danger," answered the puppet, shrugging his shoulders and he touched the middle of his forehead with his forefinger as if to say: "There is good judgment here."

Now it happened one fine day while he was walking toward the school, he met a crowd of bad companions who said to him:

"Have you heard the news?"

"No."

"A Shark as large as a mountain has been seen in the sea near here."

"Indeed! Can it be that same Shark that was seen at the time that my poor father was drowned?"

"We are going to the beach to see it. Will you come along?"

"Not I. I want to go to school."

"The school! What does it matter to you? We shall go to school to-morrow. With a few lessons more or a few less, we shall always remain the same donkeys."

"And the teacher! What will he say?"

"The teacher! Let him talk. He is paid to growl at boys."

"And my mamma?"

"Mammas never know anything," said those bad boys.

"Do you know what I shall do?" said Pinocchio? "For certain reasons of my own I want to see the Shark very much. I shall go to see it after school."

"Poor dummy!" retorted one of the boys. "Do you believe that a fish of that size will stay there to await your leisure? As soon as it feels tired of that place it will go to some other part, and then, good bye!"

"How much time does it take to go to the beach?" asked the puppet.

"We can go there and back in an hour."

"Well then — away! and he who runs fastest is ablest," shouted Pinocchio.

At that signal the little cheats, with their books under their arms, began to run across the fields. Pinocchio, always ahead, seemed to have wings on his feet.

Looking back from time to time, he ridiculed his companions who could not keep up with him. Seeing them panting and out of breath, dusty and with their tongues out, he laughed aloud. The unlucky fellow did not know what misfortunes he was to encounter.

CHAPTER XXVII

PINOCCHIO FIGHTS IN SELF-DEFENCE AND HAS AN ADVENTURE WITH POLICEMEN

ARRIVING at the beach, Pinocchio gave a searching look at the sea; but he saw no Shark. The sea was smooth like a great mirror.

"Where is the Shark?" he asked, turning to his companions.

"He may have gone to take breakfast," answered one of them, laughing.

"Or he may have lain down on the bed to sleep," rejoined another, laughing more loudly.

From such meaningless replies and the stupid laughter, Pinocchio understood that his companions had fooled him, making him believe a thing that was not true; and taking it ill, he said in an angry tone:

"And now what pleasure have you found in telling me the story of the Shark?"

"It made fun for us," replied the rascals in a chorus.

"Where is the fun?"

"The fun? Making you miss school and having you along with us. Are you not ashamed to be so precise, going to school every day and working so diligently at your lessons? Are you not ashamed to study so hard?"

"And if I study, what does it matter to you?"

"It matters a great deal because you make us cut a bad figure with the teacher."

"Why?"

"Because the scholars that study always make us appear at a disadvantage; and we do not want to suffer by comparison?"

"What must I do to please you?"

"You must show your dislike for the school, the lessons, and the teacher, which are our three great enemies."

"But what if I prefer to continue to study?"

"We will not look at you or speak to you, and at the first opportunity you shall pay up for it."

"You make me laugh," said the puppet, with a shake of the head.

"E-hi, Pinocchio," shouted the biggest of the boys, peering up in his face impudently. "Do not come here to bully us. Do not come here to be so pert, for if you are not afraid of us neither are we afraid of you. Remember you are alone and we are seven."

"The Seven Deadly Sins," said Pinocchio, bursting into laughter.

"Did you hear that? He has called us the Seven Deadly Sins!" said one of the boys. "Pinocchio, beg our pardon for the offence — if you do not, woe be to you!"

"Cuckoo!" said the puppet, tapping his nose with his forefinger by way of ridicule.

"Pinocchio, beware!"

"Cuckoo!"

"You shall get as many lashes as a donkey."

"Cuckoo!"

"You shall return home with a broken nose!"

"Cuckoo!"

"Now, I'll give it to you!" shouted the most daring of those rogues. "Take this on account until I am ready to give you the rest, and eat it for your supper this evening." And in saying this he punched Pinocchio's head.

But it was tit for tat. As was to be expected, the puppet replied at once with a blow of the fist, and there and then the fight became general and furious.

Pinocchio, though alone, defended himself like a hero. With those feet of hard wood he managed to keep his foes at a respectful distance. Wherever he could reach them with his feet he

left a bruise as a souvenir. The boys became more and more angry. Not being able to meet him in a hand to hand fight they began to look for missiles to throw at him, and undoing their parcels of school-books began to hurl their grammars and readers and spelling-books at him. They had story books, *The Tales of Thouar* and *the Young Chicken* and other Tales. They threw those at him and all of their school-books. But the puppet who had a quick eye and had grown resentful, always avoided the pelting so that the volumes, passing over his head, fell into the sea.

Fancy the astonishment of the fishes! Believing that the books were something to eat, they came up in shoals to the surface of the water; but after taking a bite of the leaves and the frontispiece, they quickly spat it out, making grimaces with their mouths as much as to say:

“No such stuff for us! We are accustomed to better food.”

The battle was becoming desperate when behold, a large Crab that had come out of the water quietly, quietly, crawling on the beach shrieked with a voice like a rough trombone that had caught cold:

“Stop that fighting, you rascals, for you are

nothing else! These hand to hand fights between boys rarely end well. Some misfortune always happens!"

Poor Crab. He might as well have preached to the wind. Pinocchio, turning around to look at him in a surly manner, said most impolitely:

"Hold your tongue, you tiresome Crab. You would do better to suck seaweed lozenges to cure that cold in your throat! Go to bed and try to perspire!"

In the meantime, the boys who had thrown all their own books, happened to see at a little distance the bundle of books belonging to Pinocchio and seized them instantly.

Among these books was a volume bound in cardboard with back and corners covered with sheepskin. It was a treatise on arithmetic. I leave you to imagine how very heavy it was. One of the rascals seized that volume and taking aim at the head of Pinocchio, threw it with all the strength he had in his arms. But instead of hitting the puppet, he struck one of his companions on the head, and the boy fell on the ground as white as a linen cloth, and uttered only these words:

"Oh, my mamma, help me, for I am dying!"

Then he stretched out, as if dead, on the sand.

Supposing their little companion to be dead, the frightened boys took to their heels as fast as they could and in a few minutes were out of sight. But Pinocchio remained though he was more dead than alive through fear and grief.

He ran with haste to wet his handkerchief in the sea-water and began to bathe the forehead of his unfortunate schoolmate.

Meanwhile, he was crying bitterly and in despair he called the little boy by name.

"Eugene! My poor Eugene!" he said, "Open your eyes and look at me! Why do you not answer? You know that it was not I who hurt you. Open your eyes, Eugene! If you keep your eyes closed I shall die, too! Woe is me! How can I ever go home? With what courage can I face my good mother? What will become of me? Where shall I go? Where can I hide myself? Oh, how much better, a thousand times better, had I gone to school! Why did I listen to those companions who are my ruin? My teacher often said to me and my dear mamma repeated it: 'Beware of bad companions!' But I am a stubborn, obstinate fellow. I let every one give me good advice

and then I always do as I please! Then I have to atone for it and so I have never had a quarter of an hour of happiness in all my life. My faith, what will become of me? What will become of me? What will become of me?"

And Pinocchio continued to cry and moan, striking his head and calling on the poor Eugene. Suddenly he heard the noise of approaching steps. He turned and there he saw two policemen.

"What are you doing there?" they asked Pinocchio.

"I am trying to help this schoolmate of mine."

"Has he been taken ill?"

"It seems so."

"Aye! More than ill!" said one of the policemen, stooping down and observing Eugene closely. "This boy has been wounded in the head. Who has hurt him?"

"Not I!" stuttered the puppet, hardly able to catch his breath.

"If you did not wound him, who did?"

"Not I!" repeated Pinocchio.

"And with what was he wounded?"

"With this book." And the puppet gathered up the treatise on arithmetic bound in card-

board and sheepskin, and showed it to the policeman.

“And to whom does this book belong?”

“It is mine.”

“That is enough. We need no more proof of your guilt. Get up at once and come along with us.”

“But I ——”

“Come along with us!”

“But I am innocent ——”

“Come along with us!”

Before starting, the policemen called some fishermen who were passing with their boat, and said to them:

“We entrust this little boy to you. He is wounded in the head. Take him to your home and care for him. To-morrow we will return to see him.”

Then they turned to Pinocchio, and taking him between them, gave the command in military tones:

“Forward! March! And walk quickly or it will be the worse for you.”

The puppet did not wait for a second order, and began to walk with them through the lane that led to the village. But the poor child was so dazed that he no longer knew where he was.

It was like a dream to him and what an ugly dream! He was almost beside himself. His eyes saw double. His legs trembled. His tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. He could not utter a single word. And yet, in the midst of his stupefaction, a thorn pierced him to the heart. It was the thought of having to pass under the window of his good Fairy in the company of policemen. He would rather have died.

They had arrived at the village and were about to enter when a worrying gust of wind lifted Pinocchio's cap from his head and whirled it along the road some distance back of them.

"Will you please let me get my cap?" asked the puppet.

"Yes, go; but be quick about it."

The puppet ran back and picked up the cap, but he did not put it on his head. He took it between his teeth and began to run toward the sea. He flew like a shot from a musket. The policemen, judging that it would be difficult to overtake him, set a big dog after him, a dog that had taken the first prize at all the dog races. Pinocchio ran and the dog ran faster than he. All the people looked out of the windows and crowded into the middle

of the street, anxious to see the end of such an exciting race.

But they were disappointed because the dog and Pinocchio raised such a whirlwind of dust that in a few minutes they could not be seen.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PINOCCHIO ESCAPES THE FRYING PAN

DURING that desperate race there was a terrible moment — a moment in which Pinocchio believed himself lost, because, it must be known, that Alidoro, the Dog, ran so swiftly that he had almost overtaken him. The puppet felt behind him the warm breath of that ugly beast and could hear his anxious panting a few inches distant.

Luckily the beach was very near and the sea was within a few steps. On reaching the water the puppet leaped nimbly, just as a frog would have done, and plunged into the waves. Alidoro wanted to stop but, hurled on by the impetus of the race, plunged also into the water.

And that unlucky creature did not know how to swim; so he began to paw with his fore-legs to keep afloat; but the more he pawed the deeper his head went under the water.

When he came up again and his head was out of water, the poor Dog rolled his eyes with fright, and yelping, he cried:

"I drown! I drown!"

"Drown, yes, do drown!" shouted Pinocchio from afar, seeing himself out of danger.

"Help me, dear Pinocchio! Save me from death!"

At that distressing cry the puppet, who really had a kind heart, was moved to pity, and turning to the Dog, he said:

"If I help to save you will you promise not to give me any trouble and not to run after me?"

"I promise you! I promise you! Make haste for pity's sake! If you delay another moment I shall be dead and gone!"

Pinocchio hesitated a little, but remembering that his father had often told him that one never suffers loss by doing a merciful deed, he swam in all haste to the aid of the Dog, and taking him by the tail with both hands pulled him safe and sound to the dry sand of the beach.

The poor Dog could not stand on his feet. He had swallowed so much salt water that he was swollen like a balloon. Nevertheless the puppet, not wishing to trust himself too much to the Dog, deemed it prudent to throw himself once more into the sea. And swimming away from the shore he shouted:

“Good bye, Alidoro! Give my compliments to your friends at home!”

“Good bye, Pinocchio!” replied the Dog. “A thousand thanks for having snatched me from death! You have done me a great service which I shall always remember. If an opportunity ever should present itself, I shall hope to repay you.”

Pinocchio continued to swim, always keeping close to land. Finally it seemed to him that he had reached a safe place to come ashore; and giving a look at the coast he saw in the rocks a sort of cave from which issued a long cloud of smoke.

“There must be some fire in that cave,” said the puppet to himself.

“So much the better! I will go and dry myself and warm me. And then, come what may, I shall be ready for it.”

This resolution taken, he approached the rocky shore; but just as he was on the point of climbing, he felt something under the water that was rising, rising, rising, and lifting him into the air. He attempted to escape but it was too late. To his astonishment he found himself enclosed in a large net in the midst of a buzzing of fishes of every form and size.

They wagged their tails and quivered with the agitation of souls in despair.

And at the same time he saw a fisherman coming out of the cave. He was so ugly that he seemed to be a monster of the sea. Instead of hair, a thick brush of green grass grew on his head; the skin of his body was green; green were his eyes; his long beard, reaching below his knees, was green. He looked like a big lizard standing up on its hind-legs.

When the fisherman had pulled the net out from the sea he cried out with great satisfaction:

“Blessed Providence! I shall have a good dinner of fish!”

“Fortunately I am not a fish!” said Pinocchio, taking courage.

The net of fishes was carried into the cave, which was dark and smoky. There was a fire in the middle of it over which a pan of oil was frying and it gave out such a rank odour that it took away the puppet’s breath.

“Now let me see what kind of fish we have caught!” said the green fisherman; and putting into the net his big, rough hand that looked like a baker’s wooden spade, he pulled out a handful of mullets.

“These are fine mullets!” he said, gazing at



H

*he was so ugly that he seemed
to be a monster of the sea*



them and smelling of them with delight. And after having smelled them, he threw them into a washtub which contained no water.

He repeated this operation many times, and as he kept on taking the fish from the net and throwing them into tubs, his appetite increased and he exclaimed joyfully:

“What fine whitefish!

“What exquisite bass!

“What delicious soles!

“What savoury crabs!

“What splendid anchovies!”

As you can imagine, the whitefish, the bass, the soles, the crabs, and the anchovies were all tumbled indiscriminately into the washtubs to keep company with the mullets. The last that remained in the net was Pinocchio.

The fisherman rolled his green eyes in astonishment and fright as he took Pinocchio out of the net.

“What species of fish is this? I do not remember ever to have eaten one of this kind!” and he examined him carefully.

After having looked at him on every side the fisherman said:

“I know it must be a craw-fish.”

Pinocchio, mortified at hearing himself called a craw-fish, said in tones of resentment:

“What nonsense! How you treat me! You should know that I am a puppet.”

“A puppet!” answered the fisherman. “Truly! The puppet fish is a new fish to me! So much the better! I shall eat you with more relish.”

“Eat me? But do you not understand that I am not a fish? Do you not hear me speak and reason as you do?”

“That is very true,” rejoined the fisherman, “and as I see that you are a fish that has the luck to speak and reason like myself, I will treat you with due regard.”

“What do you mean by that?” said Pinocchio. “As a mark of friendship and particular esteem I will give you the choice as to the way of being cooked. Do you wish to be fried in a pan, or do you prefer to be stewed with tomato sauce in an earthen dish?”

“To tell the truth,” replied Pinocchio, “If I have the choice, I prefer to be set free, and to be allowed to return to my home.”

“What a joke! Do you think I would lose the opportunity of tasting such a rare fish? It does not happen every day that I catch a

puppet fish. This is what I will do. I will fry you in the pan with all the other fishes. It is a consolation to be in good company when you are fried.

Hearing this decision the unlucky Pinocchio began to cry — and crying he sobbed out:

“How much better it would have been if I had gone to school! I listened to my bad companions and now I am paying for it. Ih! Ih! Ih! ”

Pinocchio squirmed and twisted like an eel and made violent efforts to slip from the clutches of the green fisherman; so the monster took a cord of bulrush and tied him by the hands and feet like sausage and threw him into the washtub with the fishes.

Then taking out a large jar of flour he dipped one fish after another into it and threw them all successively into the pan to fry.

The first to dance in the hot oil were the white-fish; then came the crabs, then the mullets, then the soles and the anchovies. Pinocchio's turn came last of all. Seeing himself so near to death (and what an awful death!), the puppet was seized with such fright and he trembled so that he had no breath with which to beg for mercy. The poor fellow could just roll his eyes

entreatingly, but the green fisherman took no notice of his distress. He dipped him five or six times in the flour, covering him so thoroughly with it from head to foot that he looked like a puppet made of plaster. Then he took Pinocchio by the neck and ——

CHAPTER XXIX

PINOCCHIO RETURNS TO THE FAIRY

THE fisherman was just on the point of throwing Pinocchio into the pan when a big Dog came into the cave, led there by the appetising odour and a craving for fish.

“Go away!” cried the fisherman with a threatening motion, still holding the floured puppet in his hand.

But the poor Dog was as hungry as four, and whining and wagging his tail, he seemed to say:

“Give me a taste of the fish and I will leave you in peace.”

“Get away, I tell you!” repeated the fisherman, and raised his foot to kick him.

The Dog was one of those self-respecting beasts that do not suffer any one to put flies on their noses when they want food. He growled at the fisherman and showed him his fearful claws.

At that moment a small, low, hoarse voice was heard in the cave saying:

“Alidoro, help me! If you do not save me I shall be fried.”

The Dog recognised the voice of Pinocchio, and great was his surprise to find that the little voice came from the parcel covered with flour which the fisherman held in his hand.

Then what did the Dog do? He gave a leap from the ground, seized that white parcel, and holding it gently with his teeth, ran out of the cave and away with lightning speed.

The fisherman was in a rage at seeing this fish, which he would have eaten with unusual relish, snatched from his hand — and he ran after the Dog.

Away and away ran Alidoro, but when he came to the lane that led to the village he stopped and gently placed Pinocchio on the ground.

“How can I thank you enough?” said the puppet.

“There is no need of thanks,” replied the Dog.

“You saved me and what you did is rendered back to you. In this world we must all help one another.”

“But how did you get back into the cave?”

“I had remained here. I was lying stretched out on the beach, more dead than alive, when the wind brought to me the savoury smell of nice fried fish. That odour excited my appetite

and I ran in the direction of it. If I had arrived a minute later——!”

Do not mention it!” cried Pinocchio, who was still trembling with fear. “Do not talk about it! If you had arrived a minute later, I should now be fried and eaten and digested. Brrr! It gives me chills when I think of it!”

Laughing, Alidoro stretched out his right paw toward the puppet who shook it heartily as a sign of friendship. Then they parted. The Dog went his way and Pinocchio started for home.

After a while he came along to a little old man who was sitting on a log and basking in the sun at the door of his hut.

“Tell me, good man, do you know anything about a poor boy who was wounded in the head, and who was called Eugene?”

“The boy was brought to this hut by some fishermen and now ——”

“Is he dead?” exclaimed Pinocchio in great sorrow.

“No, he is alive and has returned to his home.”

“Really? Really ——?” cried the puppet, dancing for joy. “Then the wound was not fatal?”

“It might have caused his death,” replied the

little old man, "because they threw a book bound with cardboard at his head."

"Who threw it at him?"

"One of his schoolmates; a certain Pinocchio ——"

"And who is this Pinocchio?" —asked the puppet pretending to be indifferent.

"They say that he is a bad boy, a vagabond, a regular villain."

"Falsehoods! All falsehoods!"

"Do you know this Pinocchio?"

"Yes, when I see him!" answered the puppet.

"And what opinion have you of him?" asked the little old man.

"He seemed to me to be a very good fellow, full of desire to study, obedient, affectionate toward his father and all his family ——"

While the puppet was spinning this bare-faced yarn he touched his nose and found it had lengthened several inches. This frightened him and he began to shriek and cry:

"Do not believe what I have told you, good man," he said. "I knew Pinocchio very well and I assure you that he is a naughty boy, disobedient and lazy. Instead of going to school he goes about with bad companions doing mischief!"

As soon as he had said these words his nose shrank to its natural size.

“And why are your clothes so white?” suddenly asked the little old man.

“I will tell you. I accidentally rubbed against a wall that was freshly whitewashed,” replied the puppet, being ashamed to tell that he had been powdered with flour like a fish to be fried in a pan.

“And what have you done with your jacket, your breeches, and your cap?”

“I met some thieves who stripped me. Tell me, good man, could you not give me some sort of a garment, so that I can return home?”

“My boy, I have only a small bag in which I keep my beans. If you want it, take it: there it is.”

The little old man did not need to say this the second time. Pinocchio seized the bean-bag, which was empty, and after cutting a hole in the bottom with the scissors and a hole on each side he put it on like a shirt. Lightly dressed in this fashion he started on his way home. But he felt very uneasy, so much so that he made one step backward for every one that he made forward, and he went talking along saying:

“How shall I present myself to my good Fairy? What will she say when she sees me? Will she pardon me this second rascality? I fear that she will not — oh, certainly she will not forgive it, and it serves me right. I am a worthless urchin. I always promise to mend my ways and I never keep my promise.”

He arrived at the village just at dusk, and because the rain fell by bucketfuls he went straight to the house of the Fairy to knock at the door. But when he reached the door his courage began to fail, and instead of knocking he ran on. Then he came back but could not gather up courage to knock, so he ran on again. The third time he came up to the door and did not knock. The fourth time he really took hold of the knocker and gave a light stroke.

He waited and waited. After half an hour some one on the top floor (for the house had four stories) opened the window, and Pinocchio saw a large Snail, that had a small light on its head, look out. The Snail was serving-maid to the Fairy.

“Who is down there at this hour?” said the Snail.

“Is the Fairy at home?” inquired Pinocchio.

“The Fairy is asleep and does not want to be waked up. But who are you?”

“It is I.”

“Who is I?”

“Pinocchio.”

“Who is Pinocchio?”

“The puppet who lives in the house with the Fairy.”

“Oh, I understand,” said the Snail. “Wait for me. I will come down immediately and let you in.”

“Make haste, for pity’s sake, for I am freezing.”

“My boy, I am a snail — and snails are never in a hurry.” And the window was closed again.

After a while the clock struck twelve. It was midnight. The puppet was waiting. Then the clock struck one, and then two, and the door was still closed. Then Pinocchio, having lost all patience, seized the knocker and was about to give a knock that would shake the whole building; but the knocker which was of iron suddenly became a living eel which, slipping from his hands, disappeared in a rivulet of water that flowed in the middle of the street.

“Ah! so!” cried Pinocchio with increased anger. “If the knocker has run off I will kick

the door with all my might," and stepping back a little he gave the door a furious kick. The blow was so violent that his foot went through the wood and was caught there. The puppet tried to pull it out but it was of no use. His foot remained fixed in the wood like a riveted nail. Fancy how he felt! He had to pass the rest of the night with one foot on the ground, the other in the door.

In the morning, at daybreak, the door was opened. That kind little Snail had taken only nine hours to descend from the fourth story to the street door, and was dripping with perspiration.

"What are you doing with your foot fastened in the door?" she asked of the puppet, laughing.

"It was a misfortune," said Pinocchio. "Just see, beautiful Snail, if you can manage to release me from this torture."

"My boy, a carpenter is needed for that task. I never did carpenter's work."

"Pray, ask the Fairy to help me."

"The Fairy is asleep and does not want to be disturbed."

"Would you leave me fastened in this door all day?"

"You can amuse yourself by counting the ants that pass in the street."

"Do, at least, bring me something to eat, for I am starving."

"Directly!" said the Snail.

After three and a half hours, Pinocchio saw her coming back with a silver dish on her head. In the dish there was a loaf of bread, a piece of roast chicken, and four ripe apricots.

"Here is a breakfast which the Fairy sends you," said the Snail.

At the sight of that feast the puppet felt somewhat consoled. But how disappointed he was when, on beginning to eat, he became aware that the bread was made of plaster, the fowl of pasteboard, and the four apricots were of alabaster, coloured like real ones.

He wanted to cry. He wanted to give himself up to despair. He wanted to throw away the silver dish and everything in it. But instead of that, he fainted away.

When he regained consciousness, he found himself lying on a sofa and the Fairy standing by his side.

"I will forgive you this time," said the Fairy, "but woe to you if you ever play me another of your tricks."

Pinocchio promised, and took a solemn oath that he would study and behave well. And he kept his word for the rest of the year. In fact, at the examinations before the vacation he had the honour of standing the highest of any one in the school, and his behaviour was so satisfactory that the Fairy said to him with pleasure:

“To-morrow your wish shall be granted. You shall cease to be a wooden puppet and you shall become a real boy.”

No one can imagine the joy of Pinocchio at this news, so long desired. All of his friends and school companions were to be invited the following day to a grand luncheon in the house of the Fairy to celebrate the event. The Fairy ordered two hundred cups of coffee with milk, four hundred rolls buttered inside and out, to be prepared. The day promised to be fine and merry:

But ——

Unfortunately in the life of a puppet there is always a *but* that spoils everything.

CHAPTER XXX

PINOCCHIO STARTS FOR THE LAND OF PLAYTHINGS

NATURALLY, Pinocchio was in a hurry to go about the city to give out the invitations, and immediately asked permission of the Fairy who said:

"Yes, go and invite your companions to the luncheon of to-morrow; but remember to return home before night falls. Do you understand?"

"I promise to return within an hour," replied the puppet.

"Mind, Pinocchio, boys promise easily, but they do not always keep their word."

"But I am not like other boys. When I say a thing, I mean it."

"We shall see," said the Fairy. "In case you disobey, so much the worse for you."

"Why?"

"Because the boys who do not follow the advice of those wiser than themselves always meet with some misfortune."

"I know that by experience," said Pinocchio, "But now I have learned better."

"We shall see if you keep your pledge," the Fairy answered.

Without adding another word, the puppet bade an affectionate adieu to his good Fairy, who was for him a sort of mamma, and singing and dancing for joy ran out of the house.

In an hour or so he had invited his friends to the luncheon. Some accepted the invitation at once; others had to be urged. But when they knew that there would be delicious rolls to dip in the coffee with milk—the rolls to be buttered inside and outside—they ended by saying, "We shall surely come."

Now you must know that Pinocchio had one friend among his school companions who was especially dear to him. His real name was Romeo, but everyone called him by the nickname "Lamp Wick," on account of his dry, stiff, emaciated little body, which resembled the new wick of a small night-lamp.

Lamp Wick was the laziest and most careless boy in the whole school; but Pinocchio was extremely fond of him. He went to his house in search of him to invite him to the luncheon. But Lamp Wick was nowhere to be found. Pinocchio searched all about, and went back a second time, but Lamp Wick was not there. He

went back a third time, but all in vain. He sought here, he sought there. At last he saw him hidden under the porch of a peasant's house.

"What are you doing there?" asked Pinocchio, advancing toward him.

"I am waiting for midnight, so that I can start ——"

"Where are you going?" asked Pinocchio.

"Far away, far away, far away!"

"I have been to your house three times to look for you!"

"What did you want of me?"

"Have you not heard of the great event! Do you not know the good luck that has fallen to me?"

"What is it?"

"To-morrow I cease to be a puppet. I shall become a real boy like you and like all the others."

"May it do you good!"

"To-morrow I want you to be at the luncheon at my house!"

"But I am going away to-night."

"At what hour?"

"Very soon."

"And where are you going?"

"I am going to live in a country that is the

most beautiful place in all the world. It is a really happy land."

"What is the name of it?"

"It is called Land of Playthings. Why do you not come too?"

"Not I, indeed!"

"You are wrong, Pinocchio! Believe me that if you do not come you will repent it. Where do you want a better land for us boys? There are no schools there — no teachers, no books. In that blessed country one never studies. There is no school on Thursdays, and each week is composed of six Thursdays and one Sunday. Just fancy! The vacation begins on the first of January and ends on the last of December. That is a country such as I really like. All civilised countries should be like that!"

"But how does one pass the days in the Land of Playthings?"

"Why, you spend your time in amusing yourself and in nonsense from morning until night. In the evening you go to bed. Next morning you begin anew and do the same thing all over again. What do you think of it?"

"Uhm!" exclaimed Pinocchio with a motion of the head which meant: "It is just the life that I would like to lead."

"Then will you go with me? Yes or no?"

"No, no, no, and again no. I have promised my dear Fairy to become a good boy, and I wish to keep my promise. I see that the sun is going down, so I must leave you and go home at once. Good bye and a pleasant journey."

"Why such haste? Where are you going?"

"Home. My good Fairy wants me back before night."

"Wait two minutes."

"No, I shall be too late."

"Only two minutes."

"And if the Fairy scolds me?"

"Let her scold. When she has scolded enough she will stop," said that rascal Lamp Wick.

"How is the journey arranged? Do you start alone or in company?"

"Alone? There will be a hundred boys at the least!"

"Do you go on foot?"

"No! A carriage will take me to the border of that happy country. It will soon be here."

"What would I not pay to see that carriage! I wish it were passing now!"

"Why?"

"I should like to see you all start."

"Stay a little longer and you shall see us."

"No, no! I want to go home."

"Wait two minutes!"

"I have waited too long. The Fairy will worry about me."

"Poor Fairy! Does she fear that the bats will eat you?"

"But then are you really sure that there are no schools in that country?"

"Not even the shadow of a school," said Lamp Wick.

"And no teachers?"

"Not even one!"

"And you are never obliged to study?"

"Never, never, never!"

"What a beautiful country!" said Pinocchio, his mouth beginning to water. "What a beautiful country! I have never been there, but I can picture it to myself!"

"Come along, Pinocchio! Why not?"

"It is useless to try to tempt me! I have promised my kind Fairy to become a good boy, and I do not want to fail to keep my word."

"Well, then, good bye, and remember me to my schoolmates."

"Good bye, Lamp Wick. A pleasant jour-

ney! Amuse yourself and think of the old friends sometimes!"

Having said that, the puppet made two steps toward home; then he stopped, and turning toward his friend asked: "Are you really certain that every week is made up of six holidays and one Sunday?"

"Oh, perfectly sure!"

"And do you know for certain that the vacations begin on the first day of January and end with the last of December?"

"Yes, indeed! Quite certain!"

"What a beautiful country!" repeated Pinocchio, sputtering with excitement. Then, with a resolute mind, he started up hastily saying: "Well, then, good bye, really, and a pleasant journey."

"Farewell!"

"How long before you start?"

"Very soon."

"What a pity! I would wait if I were sure that you would go in an hour."

"What would the Fairy do?"

"Well, I am late anyway, now. And to go home an hour earlier or later is all the same."

"Poor Pinocchio! And if the Fairy scolds you?"

“Patience! I must let her scold. When she has scolded enough she will quiet down.”

In the meantime the sun had set and the dark night had come on. Suddenly, in the distance, they saw a small light and heard the jingling of the tiny collar bells on the horses. And they heard the whistling of a trumpet, but so low and smothered that it sounded like the whizzing of a mosquito.

“There it is!” cried Lamp Wick, standing up.

“Who is it?” asked Pinocchio, in a low voice.

“It is the carriage coming to take me. Will you go? Yes or no!”

“Is it really true that in that country boys have no obligation to study?”

“Never, never, never!”

“What a beautiful country! What a beautiful country! What a beautiful country!”

CHAPTER XXXI

AFTER FIVE MONTHS IN THE LAND OF PLAY-THINGS, PINOCCHIO FINDS A PAIR OF EARS SPROUTING FROM HIS HEAD, AND HE TURNS INTO A LITTLE DONKEY

AT LAST the carriage arrived. And it arrived without making any noise because the wheels were bandaged with tow and rags. It was drawn by twelve pairs of little donkeys. They were all of one size but of different colours. Some were gray, others black and white, speckled like pepper and salt, and others with large stripes of yellow and blue. But the most curious thing was this: that those twelve pairs of donkeys, those twenty-four little beasts of burden, instead of being shod like all other dray-animals, had men's boots, made of white leather, on their feet.

And the driver! Just fancy a little round, fat man, tender and greasy as a ball of butter, with a face like a red apple, a small mouth that was always laughing, and a thin flattering voice like that of a cat coaxing its mistress for food.

Every boy who saw him became infatuated with him. They vied with each other in scrambling for a seat in his carriage, hoping to be taken by him to that fools' Paradise known on the map in geographies as "The Land of Playthings."

The carriage was filled with boys from eight to twelve years of age packed as closely as sardines in a box. They were squeezed together like grapes in the wine-press and could hardly breathe. But no one said "ouch!" No one complained. It was a consolation to know that in a few hours they would find themselves in a country where there were not any books, or schools, or teachers, and this thought made them so contented and resigned that they did not care for discomforts, or hardships, or hunger, or thirst, or want of sleep.

As soon as the carriage stopped, the little fat driver turned to Lamp Wick, and with a thousand flatteries and coaxing smiles said to him:

"Tell me, my pretty boy, will you come along with us to that fortunate country?"

"Surely — I want to come," said Lamp Wick.

"But I warn you, my dear, that there is no

room in the carriage. As you see, it is full without you."

"Have patience!" said Lamp Wick. "If there is not enough room inside I can sit on the shafts of the carriage!" And giving a leap he jumped astride of a shaft.

"And you, my love," said the driver, turning to Pinocchio with a flattering smile, "what do you intend to do? Will you come with us or remain?"

"I will remain here," said Pinocchio. "I will go back to my home. I want to study and do myself credit at school as all good boys do."

"Much good may it do you!"

"Listen to me, Pinocchio," said Lamp Wick. "Come with us, and we shall be merry."

"No, no, no!"

"Come with us, and we shall be merry!" shouted four voices from inside the carriage.

"Come with us, and we shall be merry!" howled a hundred voices all together.

"And if I go with you what will my good Fairy say?" said the puppet, who was beginning to waver.

"Do not stuff your head full of melancholy notions. Just think! We are going to a country where we shall be our own masters.

We can make a noise from morning until night."

Pinocchio did not answer, but gave a sigh, — then another sigh — then a third sigh; finally he said: "Make room for me and I will come."

"The seats are all full," said the driver, "but to show you how welcome you are I will give up my seat on the box to you."

"And you?"

"Oh, I will walk."

"No, indeed!" said Pinocchio, "I will not allow that! I prefer to ride on the back of one of these little donkeys."

No sooner said than done. He approached on the right the donkey of the first pair, and was about to mount, but the little beast turned suddenly and thrust his nose against Pinocchio with a heavy thump and threw him to the ground. Just fancy the mocking laughter of all those impertinent boys who saw it! But the driver did not laugh. He gently approached the little donkey and, pretending that he was about to give it a caress, pinched its right ear.

Meantime, Pinocchio, raising himself up in a rage, with a jump bounded astride of the poor

beast. The leap was so cleverly performed that the boys, ceasing to laugh, began to howl: "Long live Pinocchio!" and they clapped their hands in unending applause.

But all of a sudden the little donkey lifted both of his hind-feet with a violent jerk and hurled the poor puppet into the middle of the road on to a heap of gravel. Then the roars of laughter began anew; but the driver, instead of laughing, went up to the donkey very gently and lovingly and seemed to whisper something in his left ear. But really, on the sly, he pinched it nearly off. Then he said to the puppet:

"Now get on again, astride, and have no fear. That donkey had taken some whim into his head, but I spoke two little words into his ears and I hope that he will be more reasonable."

Pinocchio mounted and the carriage began to move on. While the little donkeys were galloping along over the stone pavement of the highroad the puppet fancied that he heard a low voice whispering to him: "Poor dunce! you want your own way but you will repent it."

Pinocchio, much frightened, looked here and there to find out whence these words came; but he saw no one. The little donkeys galloped, the carriage ran, the boys in the carriage slept,

Lamp Wick snored like a dormouse, and the driver hummed between his teeth:

“All the night they sleep,
And I never sleep. . . .”

After another mile Pinocchio heard the same feeble voice, and it said to him:

“You stupid boy, bear it in mind! The boys who give up studying and turn the cold shoulder to their books, to their teachers, and to their schools, and abandon themselves to trifling and amusements, can come to nothing but some bad end. I know it because I have done that way myself, and I can tell it to you from my own experience. The day will come when you will cry as I cry to-day: but then it will be too late!”

At these words, whispered faintly, the puppet was more frightened than ever. He jumped down from the donkey's back and put his hand on the animal's nose. Imagine his astonishment when he found that his little donkey was crying, and that he cried just like a little boy.

“Hello, Mr. Little-man!” shouted Pinocchio to the driver, “do you know what there is new? This little donkey is crying.”

“Let him cry!” said the driver.

“Did you teach him to speak?” asked Pinocchio.

“No, he has learned by himself to mutter a few words having been three years with a company of trained dogs.”

“Poor beast!”

“Away! away!” said the driver. “Do not let us waste time on a donkey because he cries. Get on his back and let us go. The night is cool and the road is long.”

Pinocchio obeyed without replying. The carriage ran on, and at dawn they arrived in the Country of Playthings.

This country did not resemble any other place in the world. Its population was entirely composed of boys. The oldest were fourteen years old and the youngest were not under eight. There was an uproar in the streets, a merriment, a screaming enough to drive you insane. There were gangs of little rogues everywhere. Some played at marbles, some at ball, some threw iron rings, some rode on velocipedes, bicycles, or wooden horses; some played blind-man’s-buff, others were racing after each other tooting horns and dressed as clowns; some recited; some sang; some turned somersaults; some turned cart-wheels, walking on their hands and feet — or they walked on their hands with their feet in the air; some were running with

their hoops; some strutted, dressed like a general with paper helmet and pasteboard sword; some laughed, some howled, some called, or clapped hands, or whistled, or hissed; some imitated the cackling of a hen after she has laid an egg; all in a regular pandemonium. Such a chirping of sparrows, such a tumult to compel one to put wadding in one's ears. In all the squares there were little theatres of canvas crowded with boys from morning till evening, and on all the walls of the houses there were written with charcoal remarkable things such as these: "Rah for the simpeltens!" "Long live the blookeds!" "No moar skool for us!"

As soon as Pinocchio, Lamp Wick, and all the other boys who had taken the journey, set foot in that city, they at once mingled with the disorderly crowd and in a few minutes became friends with all. Who could be happier or more contented than they? In the midst of the continuous confusion and merry-making the hours, the days, the weeks passed like flashes of lightning.

"Oh! what a beautiful life!" said Pinocchio, every time he happened to meet Lamp Wick.

"You see, then, that I was right!" said the latter. "And to think that you did not want

to start. Just fancy! You wanted to return to your Fairy and lose your time in studying! If to-day you are free from the annoyances of books and schools, you owe it to me, to my advice, to my earnestness — is it not so? Only true friends know how to render such favours.”

“It is true, Lamp Wick, if to-day I am a happy boy, free and contented, I owe it all to you. And yet the teacher always said to me, ‘Do not associate with that rascal, Lamp Wick. He is a bad companion. He cannot advise you to do anything but evil.’”

“Poor teacher!” replied Lamp Wick, shaking his head. “I know only too well that I was a nuisance to him. But I am generous and forgive him.”

“Great soul!” said Pinocchio, affectionately embracing him.

Five months elapsed in this way. From morning till night, they fooled away the time in amusing themselves without seeing a book or a school, when, one morning, Pinocchio woke up to a very disagreeable surprise, which put him in a really bad humour.

CHAPTER XXXII

PINOCCHIO BECOMES A TRICK DONKEY

AND what *was* the surprise? I will tell you, my dear little reader. The surprise was that on awakening Pinocchio naturally scratched his head, and in happening to scratch his head, he became aware — just guess what he became aware of? To his great astonishment he became aware that ears nine inches long had grown upon his head. You know that the puppet at his birth had tiny, tiny ears, so small that they were not visible to the naked eye. Fancy, then, his surprise when he put his hand to his head and found that his ears had grown so long during the night that they seemed to be small brush-brooms.

He ran for a mirror in order to see himself, but not finding one he filled the hand-basin with water and, looking into it, saw what he did not care to see — he saw his own image adorned by a beautiful pair of donkey's ears!

I leave you to imagine the pain, the shame, and the despair of poor Pinocchio.

He began to cry and scream. He knocked his head against the wall; but his ears grew and grew and grew and became hairy toward the top.

On hearing his piercing cries a beautiful little Marmot who lived on the upper floor came into his room. On seeing the puppet frantic with trouble, he asked with kindly attention:

“What is the matter, my dear fellow-lodger?”

“I am sick, my little Marmot, very sick with an illness that frightens me! Do you understand anything about the pulse?”

“Yes, a little.”

“Feel, then, and tell me if I have a fever.”

The Marmot lifted his right fore-paw, and having felt Pinocchio’s pulse, said to him:

“My friend, I am sorry to give you bad news.”

“What is it?”

“You have a very ugly fever.”

“What fever is it?”

“It is the donkey fever.”

“I do not understand what this fever is!” replied the puppet, who really understood it only too well.

“Then I will explain it to you,” said the little Marmot. “Know, then, that within two or three hours you will no longer be a puppet, nor will you be a boy.”

“What shall I be?”

“You will become a donkey, a real donkey, like those that drag carts and carry vegetables to the markets.”

“Oh! poor me! poor me!” cried Pinocchio, pulling his ears in wrath as if he would pull them off.

“My dear,” said the little Marmot, hoping to console him, “what are you doing? It is one of the great laws of destiny written in the decrees of wisdom that those boys who have no sense of duty, who despise books and teachers and schools — boys who pass their days in fooling, in games and amusements, must end sooner or later by transforming themselves into donkeys.”

“Is it really so?” asked the puppet, sobbing.

“Alas, yes, it is so! And now it is useless to cry. You should have thought of it before.”

“But the fault is not mine. Believe me, little Marmot. The fault is Lamp Wick’s.”

“And who is Lamp Wick?”

“One of my schoolmates. I wanted to return home; I wanted to be obedient; I wanted to continue my studies and do myself honour; but Lamp Wick said to me, ‘Why do you want to annoy yourself with studies? Why

will you go to school? Come along with me to the Country of Playthings. There we shall study no more. There we shall amuse ourselves from morning until night, and we shall always be merry.’”

“And why did you follow the advice of a bad companion?”

“Why? Because, my little Marmot, I am a heartless puppet, without a grain of sense. Oh, if I had the least bit of heart I should never have abandoned that good Fairy who loved me like a mamma, and who has done so much for me! And by this time I should no longer be a puppet, but a real boy like the other boys. If I meet Lamp Wick, woe to him!” And he moved to go out.

But when he reached the door he remembered that his ears were like those of a donkey, and being ashamed to show them in public, what did he invent? He took a large cotton cap and putting it on his head, he pulled it down over his ears.

Then he went out and began to look for Lamp Wick. He looked in the streets, in the square, in the theatre, everywhere; but could not find him. He asked about him of all the people he met, but no one had seen him.

Then he went to his house to seek him, and on arriving at the door, he knocked.

"Who is there?" asked Lamp Wick from within.

"It is I," said Pinocchio.

"Wait a little while and I will let you in."

After half an hour the door opened — and fancy Pinocchio's surprise when, on entering the room, he saw his friend Lamp Wick with a great cotton cap on his head — a cap that covered even his nose.

At the sight of that cap Pinocchio was slightly consoled, and he thought to himself:

"Maybe my friend has the donkey fever as well as I."

"How are you, my dear Lamp Wick?" said Pinocchio, smiling, and pretending not to notice anything.

"Very well,—like a mouse in a cheese."

"Is what you say really true?"

"Surely, why should I tell a falsehood?"

"Excuse me, friend; why do you keep that cotton cap on your head, that covers your ears completely?"

"The doctor has ordered it because I have hurt my knee. And you, my dear Pinocchio, why do you wear that cotton cap pulled down over your ears?"

"The doctor has ordered it because I hurt my foot."

"Oh, poor Pinocchio!"

"Oh, poor Lamp Wick."

Then came a long silence, during which the two friends did nothing but look at each other, bent on fooling one another.

Finally the puppet said to his companion in a low, sweet voice:

"Have you ever suffered with any trouble in your ears?"

"Never! Have you?"

"Never! But since this morning I have an ear that is quite painful."

"I have the same complaint, too."

"Really? Which is the ear that pains you?"

"Both of them. Which is it with you?"

"Both of them. Is it the same illness, think you?"

"I fear it is."

"Will you do me a favour, Lamp Wick?"

"Willingly! With all my heart."

"Show me your ears!"

"Oh, no! First I want to see yours, my dear Pinocchio."

"No, you must be the first."

"No, my dear; you first and then I."

"Well," said the puppet, "then let us make a friendly agreement."

"All right! Let's hear it!"

"Let us both take off our caps at the same time. Do you accept?"

"Yes, I accept."

"Well, then, ready!" And Pinocchio began to count:

"One! two! three!"

At the word "three" the two boys took off their caps and threw them into the air.

And then a scene took place which would seem beyond all belief if it were not true. When Pinocchio and Lamp Wick saw that they had both been struck by the same misfortune, instead of being mortified and sorry, they began to wink and squint at each others' ears grown beyond measure, and after performing a thousand silly tricks they burst out into loud laughter.

And they laughed and laughed and laughed, until they could hardly stand up and had to hang on to something.

But at the height of their merriment, Lamp Wick suddenly quieted down, and staggering and changing colour, said to his friend:

"Pinocchio, help me! oh, help me!"

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, I cannot stand up any longer."

"Nor can I," cried Pinocchio, weeping and tottering.

And while they were speaking they bent down on all fours to the ground and moving on hands and feet began to run about the room. And as they ran their arms became paws, their faces lengthened into muzzles and their backs became covered with light gray hair speckled with black. But the worst moment for those two unlucky fellows, the worst moment and the most humiliating, was when they began to swish the long tails that had grown at the back. Overcome with shame and pain they tried to cry and bewail their fate.

It would have been better for them if they had never tried. For instead of groans and lamentations, they brayed, and as they brayed in chorus they seemed to say:

"Ee ah! Ee ah!"

Just then a knock at the door was heard and a voice from outside said: "Open the door! I am the driver of the carriage that brought you to this town. Open the door at once or woe be unto you!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

PINOCCHIO IS BOUGHT BY THE DIRECTOR OF A COMPANY OF CLOWNS, WHO TEACHES HIM TO DANCE AND JUMP THROUGH HOOPS. HE BECOMES LAME AND IS SOLD FOR HIS HIDE

SEEING that the door did not open of itself the Driver burst it open with a violent kick, and entering the room said, with his usual smile to Pinocchio and Lamp Wick:

“Good boys! You brayed well. I recognised your voices and here I am.”

At these words the two little donkeys became quiet with their heads down, their ears low, and their tails between their legs.

At first the Driver smoothed them down and caressed them; then, taking out his curry-comb, began to curry them thoroughly. And when he had curried them until they shone like two mirrors, he put a bridle on each of them and took them to the market in the hope of selling them at a good profit.

Purchasers were not long in coming. Lamp

Wick was bought by a peasant whose donkey had died the day before of overwork; and Pinocchio was sold to the Director of a company of clowns and acrobats, who bought him to train him to jump and dance with the other animals of the company.

And now, my little readers, has it occurred to you what a dreadful trade the Driver carried on? This sly little monster, with a face of milk and honey, went from time to time with a carriage travelling about the world; and he used to pick up by the way, by means of promises and flattery, all the lazy boys who hated books and schools. After loading them on his cart or in his carriage, he took them to the Land of Playthings where they might pass all their time in games, in uproar, and amusement.

When those poor misguided boys had given themselves up to continuous trifling for some time, they became gay and self-satisfied little donkeys, and the Driver made himself master of them and sold them in the fairs and markets. And in this way he soon became a millionaire.

I do not know what happened to Lamp Wick. I do know that Pinocchio had a life of hardships without rest. When he was led into the stable his new master filled his manger with chopped

straw. But Pinocchio, after taking a mouthful of it, spat it out. Then the master, growling, filled the manger with hay. But he did not relish that either.

“Ah, you do not like even the hay!” said the master angrily. “Never mind, dainty little donkey! If you have whims in your head, I will see that you get them out.” And by way of correction he gave him a crack on the legs with a whip. Pinocchio, in great pain, began to bray, and in braying said:

“Ee ah! Ee ah! I can not digest straw!”

“Then eat hay,” replied the master, who understood the donkey dialect very well.

“Ee ah! Ee ah! Hay gives me stomach ache!”

“Do you mean to say that a donkey should be fed on chicken and capon in jelly?” retorted the master, becoming more and more angry, and he added another lashing.

At the second whipping Pinocchio deemed it prudent to keep quiet, and so he said no more. Very soon the stable was shut and Pinocchio remained alone. He had not eaten anything for several hours and he began to gape with hunger. Yawning, he opened his mouth so wide that it seemed to be an oven.

At last, finding nothing but hay in the manger, he resigned himself to that and chewed it with a will. And having chewed it well he closed his eyes and gulped it down.

"This hay is not so bad," he said to himself, "but how much better off I should have been if I had stayed at home. By this time, instead of eating hay, I should have had good, fresh bread and a nice slice of sausage. Patience!"

When he awoke the next morning he looked into the rack for a little more hay but he did not find any.

He had eaten it all during the night. Then he took a mouthful of chopped straw, and while he was chewing it he needed no proof to convince him that minced straw was not as much of a delicacy as rice *à la Milanaise* or macaroni *à la Neapolitaine*.

"Patience!" said Pinocchio, continuing to chew. "May my misfortunes serve as a warning to all the disobedient boys who hate study. Patience! Patience!"

"Patience! Nonsense!" howled the master, entering the stable at that moment. Perhaps you think, my dainty donkey, that I have bought you just to give you food and drink. No, sir! I have bought you so that you can earn a lot of

money for me. Up, then, bravely! Come with me into the circus and there I will teach you to jump through hoops, to break paper barrels with your head, to dance the waltz and polka standing up straight on your hind legs."

Poor Pinocchio! He had to learn all of these tricks. It took him three months to learn them, and he received many lashes from his master.

At last came the day when the master was ready to announce a really extraordinary spectacle. Posters of various colours were tacked up at every street corner. They ran as follows:

GRAND SPECTACLE
THIS EVENING
THE USUAL FEATS IN JUMPING AND SURPRISING
EXERCISES
PERFORMED BY ALL THE ARTISTS AND BY ALL
THE HORSES OF BOTH SEXES IN THE COMPANY
AND MORE!!
THERE WILL BE PRESENTED FOR THE FIRST TIME
THE FAMOUS DONKEY
PINOCCHIO
CALLED
THE STAR OF THE DANCE
THE THEATRE WILL BE AS LIGHT AS DAY

That evening, as you can well imagine, the theatre was crowded an hour before the per-

formance began. There was not a seat to be had, not a front seat, nor a seat in the pit, nor a box, not even by paying its weight in gold. The steps of the theatre swarmed with babies and boys and girls of all ages who were in a fever of anxiety to see the famous little donkey, Pinocchio, dance.

When the first part of the spectacle was over the Manager of the company, in black coat, white tight trousers, and high leather boots reaching over his knees, presented himself to the crowd of spectators and making a deep bow, recited with much solemnity the following absurd speech:

“Respectable public, Ladies and Gentlemen: — The humble Director of this performance passing through this illustrious metropolis, I have wanted to give myself the honour as well as the pleasure of presenting to this intelligent and conspicuous audience a celebrated little donkey who has already had the honour of dancing before His Majesty the Emperor of all the principal Courts of Europe. I thank you for the help of your encouraging presence and compassion.”

This speech was received with much laughter and applause; but the applause redoubled and

became a sort of hurricane when the little donkey, Pinocchio, appeared on the stage. He was gaily decked. He had a new bridle of shining leather with brass buckles and spangles; two white camelias on his ears; his mane curled in many ringlets, tied with red silk tassels; a large band of gold and silver around his body; and the tail interlaced with purple and blue velvet ribbons. He was indeed a gorgeous donkey. The Manager, in presenting him to the public, added these words:

“My esteemed auditors — I will not detain you any great length of time to tell you the many difficulties of subduing this quadruped while he freely grazed from mountain to mountain on the plains of the Torrid Zone.

“Observe, I pray you, how wildly savage his eyes are. In training him to the domestic life of civilised animals I was obliged to have recourse to the affable dialect of the whip. But my kindness was of no avail. He showed no attachment to me. However, following the system of Galles, I discovered in his skull a small, bony Carthage, that even the Medicean Faculty of Paris recognises as the regenerating bulb of the hair and of a fiery passion for dancing. For this reason I decided to train him, not only to

dance, but to leap through hoops and paper barrels.

“Admire him and judge for yourselves. But first, my friends, allow me to invite you all to the afternoon performance to-morrow night. But if it rains the performance will be postponed to to-morrow morning at eleven o’clock P. M. in the afternoon.”

And here the Manager made another deep bow; then turning to Pinocchio said:

“Courage, Pinocchio! Before beginning your exercises, pay your respects to the audience of cavaliers, dames, and children!”

Pinocchio obediently bent down on his two fore-knees and remained kneeling until the manager, cracking his whip, cried out:

“Now keep step!”

Then the little donkey stood up on his four legs and began to pace around the circus, always keeping step.

“Now trot!” shouted the Manager, and Pinocchio changed his step to a trot.

“Gallop!” cried the Manager, and Pinocchio began to gallop.

“Show us how to race!” commanded the Manager, and Pinocchio began to run as fast as he could. But while he was running like a

Barbary horse the Manager, lifting his arm, fired off a pistol.

At that sound, the donkey pretending to be wounded, fell, stretched out in the circus, as if he were really dead.

Rising from the ground amidst a burst of applause, a howling and clapping of hands loud enough to reach the stars, it naturally happened that Pinocchio lifted his head and looked upward — and looking he saw a beautiful lady in one of the gallery boxes. On her neck she wore a golden necklace from which hung a locket. On the locket there was a miniature portrait of a puppet.

“That is a portrait of myself! That lady is my Fairy!” said Pinocchio to himself, recognising her instantly. Overcome with joy he tried to cry out:

“Oh, my little Fairy! Oh, my little Fairy! But instead of these words there came from his throat such a sonorous volley of braying that the audience laughed heartily, especially the boys.

Then the Manager, in order to make him understand that it is not good manners to bray in the face of the public, gave him a blow on the nose with the handle of the whip.

The poor little donkey thrust out his tongue

eight or nine inches at least and licked his nose for five minutes to drive away the pain. But what was his despair when, looking up again, he saw that the box was empty and that the Fairy had disappeared! He felt as if he were dying; his eyes filled with tears, and he began to cry immoderately. No one noticed it, however, least of all the Manager, who, on the contrary, cracking his whip, cried out:

“Courage, Pinocchio! Now show these gentlemen how gracefully you can jump through these hoops.”

Pinocchio tried two or three times. But every time that he arrived in front of a hoop, instead of going through it, he passed under it. At last he jumped through one: but his hind-legs caught in the hoop and he fell to the ground.

When he arose he was lame and could return to the stable only with great difficulty.

“Bring out Pinocchio! We want the little donkey! Bring out the donkey!” shouted the boys from the pit, moved to pity at the sight of his suffering. But the little donkey did not show himself any more that evening. The next morning the veterinary, that is the doctor of animals, declared, when he saw him, that he must remain lame all his life.

Then the Manager said to his stable-boy: "What can I do with a lame donkey? He would be a useless expense, just another mouth to fill. Take him to the market-place and sell him."

In the market-place they found a buyer at once, who asked the stable boy:

"What is the price of this lame donkey?"

"Four dollars," said the boy.

"I will give you twenty cents. Do not think that I want him for service. All I want of him is his hide. He has a tough skin, and I wish to make a drum for the musical company of our town."

I leave you to imagine, my little readers, what a pleasure it was for poor Pinocchio to hear that he was fated to become a drum head.

As soon as the purchaser had paid twenty cents, he led the little donkey to the top of a cliff that was on the sea shore, and having tied a stone on his neck, and a rope around one leg, he pushed him over into the water, holding on by the rope. Pinocchio, with that weight on his neck, sank instantly to the bottom; and the buyer, holding the rope tight in his hands, sat down on the rock and waited so that the little donkey should have all the time necessary for drowning; and then he hoped to take away with him the poor little animal's skin.

CHAPTER XXXIV

PINOCCHIO ESCAPES FROM THE DONKEY'S HIDE
WHICH IS EATEN OFF BY THE FISHES, AND
HAS A NEW ADVENTURE WITH THE TERRIBLE
SHARK

WHEN the little donkey had been under water fifty minutes or so, the owner, talking to himself said:

“By this time my poor lame donkey must be quite dead. Let us pull him up again and I will make a fine drum.”

And he began to pull the rope which he had tied to one leg. He pulled and pulled and pulled. At last he saw coming up to the surface of the water — guess what he saw! Instead of a dead donkey he saw coming up to the surface of the water a living puppet that wriggled like an eel.

Seeing that wooden puppet, the man thought himself dreaming, and he stood there like one stupefied, with his mouth open and his eyes standing out of his head. Recovering a little from his astonishment he said, crying and stuttering:

"I threw a little donkey into the sea! Where is it!"

"I am that little donkey!" said the puppet, laughing.

"You!"

"I."

"Ah! Rogue! Do you mean to make fun of me!"

"Make fun of you? Quite the reverse, dear master; I am in earnest."

"But how is it that you who were a donkey a little while ago have become a wooden puppet by staying in the water?"

"Perhaps it is the effect of the sea water. The sea plays such tricks!"

"Take care, puppet, take care! Do not believe that you can amuse yourself at my expense. Woe to you if I lose my patience!"

"Well, master, do you want to know all the truth? Then free me from the rope you have tied around my leg and I will tell it to you."

Being curious to know the true story that good-natured man, the buyer, untied the knot, and Pinocchio, finding himself as free as a bird in the air, began his story:

"You must know," he said, "that I was a wooden puppet as I am to-day. I was almost

on the point of becoming a boy, just like other boys; but I did not like to study and I was always ready to follow the advice of a bad companion. I ran away from home and, waking up one fine day, I found myself changed into a donkey with long ears and a swishing tail. What a shame was that to me! Such a shame, dear master, may the blessed St. Anthony never make you experience! I was taken to the market to be sold to the Manager of an equestrian company who had a fancy that he could make a great dancer of me, and teach me to jump through hoops; but one evening during the performance I had a bad fall and became very lame. Then the Manager, not knowing what to do with a lame donkey, sent me to the market and you bought me."

"Alas, yes! And I paid twenty cents for you. Who will return me my money?"

"Why did you buy me! You bought me to make a drum out of my skin! Yes, a drum!"

"I know it but too well, and now where shall I find another skin?"

"Master, do not despair. There are donkeys enough left."

"Tell me, impertinent fellow, is your story finished?"

"No," replied the puppet, "I have a few more words to say and then I shall be through. After you bought me, you led me here to kill me. You might have skinned me alive. But being a merciful man you gave way to humane sentiments and decided to tie a stone to my neck and throw me to the bottom of the sea. This delicate sentiment does you much honour and I shall remain eternally grateful to you for it. As for the rest, dear master, you have reckoned without the Fairy."

"And who is this Fairy?"

"She is my mamma, who is like all those good mothers who love their boys and who never lose sight of them, and assist them affectionately in misfortunes when they deserve to be abandoned for their recklessness. I was about to say that the good Fairy, as soon as she saw that I was in danger of drowning, sent a great school of fishes, which, believing me dead, began to eat me. What mouthfuls they took! I should never have believed that fishes were more greedy than boys! Some ate my ears, some my muzzle, some the neck and the mane, some the skin of my paws, some the hide of my back, and among them was one very polite fish who was good enough to eat that swishing tail."

"From this day on," said the buyer, horrified, "I will nevermore eat fish meat. It would make me ill, in preparing fish for the frying-pan, to open a mullet and find a donkey's tail."

"I am of the same mind as yourself," said the puppet, laughing. "Moreover you must know that when the fishes had finished eating all that donkey flesh and hide that covered me, they came to the bones, or rather, to the wood. You see I was made of very hard wood. But after the first bites those gluttons became aware that wood was not flesh for their teeth, and, disgusted at such indigestible food, they went away — some here, some there — without even looking back to say 'Thank you!'"

"And now I have told you how you happened to find a live puppet instead of a dead donkey when you pulled up the rope."

The buyer became furious with anger.

"I do not believe your story!" he cried. "I know that I have spent twenty cents to buy you, and I want my money back. Do you know what I will do? I will take you to the market again and I will sell you by weight for firewood to light a fire in a chimney."

"All right! Sell me again! I am willing!" said Pinocchio. And he made a leap and

darted into the water, and swimming merrily off, going far away from the shore, he cried to the poor purchaser:

“Farewell, Master! If you need a skin to make a drum, remember me!”

And then he laughed and swam away. After a while he turned round and looked back and shouted louder:

“Farewell, Master, if you need some wood to kindle a fire in the fire-place, remember me!”

The fact is that in the twinkling of an eye he had put himself almost out of sight. There was only a little black spot to be seen on the surface of the sea. From time to time he thrust his legs up out of the water, and rolled and tumbled and leapt up like a playful dolphin.

While Pinocchio was swimming away in a haphazard fashion, he saw a rock that seemed to be of white marble far out in the sea; and on the top of the rock a pretty little goat stood bleating affectionately and beckoning to him to approach. The most singular thing about the goat was this: that its hair, instead of being white or black or spotted like that of other goats, was blue, such a brilliant blue, that it resembled the hair of the Beautiful little Girl.

I leave you to imagine how fast Pinocchio's heart began to beat. Redoubling his strength and energy he pushed on toward the rock, and he was already half way there when the horrible head of a sea monster, moving toward him, came up out of the water. It had a mouth like an immense cavern and three rows of tusks that would frighten any one who should merely see a painting of them.

And do you know who that marine monster was? It was that gigantic Shark, already alluded to in this story; and for its ravages and insatiable voracity it was nicknamed "the Attila of fishes and fishermen."

Imagine the fright of poor Pinocchio at the sight of the monster. He tried to avoid it — to change his route; he tried to swim away; but that cavernous mouth, wide open, came toward him with the velocity of a thunderbolt.

"Make haste! Make haste! Pinocchio, for pity's sake," cried the beautiful goat, bleating.

Pinocchio swam desperately with arms and chest and legs and feet.

"Run, Pinocchio, the monster is gaining on you!" And Pinocchio, gathering all his strength, redoubled his speed.

"Look out, Pinocchio! The monster is

overtaking you! There he is! There he is! Hurry, or you are lost!"

Pinocchio swam faster than ever and flew like a shot. He was approaching the rock, and the goat, bending over the sea, was stretching out her little front paws to help him up from the water. But it was too late. The monster swallowed him as if he had been a hen's egg. So quickly and so greedily did that monster swallow Pinocchio that, falling down into the body of the Shark, he went with such force he remained stunned a quarter of an hour.

When he recovered from his fright, he could not tell where he was. All around him, on every side, there was great darkness. Such a black and deep obscurity that it seemed to him as if he had put his head into an inkstand full of ink. He stood listening but heard no noise. Now and then he felt a strong breeze striking his face. At first he could not make out whence the wind came, but after a while he found that it issued from the monster's lungs. You must know that a shark suffers very much from asthma, and when it breathes it really seems as if the north wind were blowing.

At first Pinocchio gathered up a little courage.

But when he became certain that he was in the body of a sea-monster he began to cry.

"Help! Help!" he shouted. "Oh, poor me! Will no one come to save me?"

Then a rough voice spoke out in the darkness, a voice like a guitar out of tune. It said:

"Poor fellow! Whom do you want to come to save you?"

"Who is it that speaks like that?" asked Pinocchio with a shudder, for he was frozen with fear.

"It is I! I am a poor tunny-fish who was swallowed by the Shark at the same time that you were. And you, what fish are you?"

"I am not a fish. I am only a puppet."

"And if you are not a fish, why were you swallowed by the monster?"

"It is not my fault. I was not willing to be swallowed. The monster swallowed you, and by chance I happened to be in the way. What shall we do here in the dark?"

"We must be resigned and wait quietly until the Shark has digested us!"

"But I do not want to be digested!" screamed Pinocchio, beginning anew to cry.

"Neither do I want to be digested," said the tunny-fish, "but I am enough of a philosopher to

console myself thinking that when one is born a tunny-fish there is more dignity in dying under water than under oil."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Pinocchio.

"It is my opinion," replied the tunny-fish, "and opinions, as a political tunny-fish would say, must be respected!"

"I want to get away from here," said Pinocchio. "I want to escape."

"Well, then, escape, if you can!"

"This Shark who has swallowed us, is it very large?" asked the puppet.

"I fancy that his body is about a mile long without including the tail."

While this conversation was going on in the dark, Pinocchio imagined that he could see a faintly glowing light in the distance, far, far away.

"What can that far-off light be?" asked Pinocchio.

"Perhaps it is some companion in distress waiting, like ourselves, to be digested."

"I think I will go and call on him. It might be some old fish who could show me the way to escape."

"I wish you good luck, with all my heart, dear puppet."

“Farewell, Tunny!”

“Farewell puppet, and good luck to you.”

“When shall we meet again?”

“Who knows! It is better not even to think of it,” said the tunny-fish?”

CHAPTER XXXV

IN THE BODY OF THE SHARK PINOCCHIO FINDS
SOME ONE IN SEARCH OF HIM

AS SOON as Pinocchio had said farewell to his good friend, the Tunny, he started along, groping in the darkness. Trying to feel his way in the body of the Shark he went stepping forward toward that glimmering light that shone so softly far, far away.

As he walked along he felt his feet dipping into a puddle of greasy, slippery water, and that water had such a strong odour of fried fish that it seemed to be the Lenten season.

As he went on the light became brighter and more distinct. He walked and walked. And at last he came to something. What did he find? Guess! He found a table covered with a cloth. There was a lighted candle on it, the candle had been stuck into a green crystal bottle. There was a little old man sitting at the table. He was very white as if he were of snow or whipped cream. He was chewing with difficulty some small live fishes; so lively

were they that sometimes, while he ate, they leapt from his mouth.

The sight of that old man gave Pinocchio such intense gladness, such unexpected pleasure, that he was almost frantic with joy. He wanted to laugh. He wanted to cry. He wanted to talk, but instead of speaking intelligibly he howled confusedly and stammered out meaningless words. At last he uttered a cry of joy and throwing his arms around the neck of the little old man he sobbed out;

“Oh, my daddy! At last I have found you! I shall never leave you again, never more, never more!”

“Do my eyes tell me the truth?” asked the little old man, rubbing his eyes. “Are you really my dear Pinocchio?”

“Yes, yes! I am really Pinocchio. And you have already forgiven me, have you not? Oh, my little daddy, how good you are! And to think that I, instead — But oh, if you only knew how many misfortunes have befallen me and how many things made me go wrong!

“Just fancy! On the very day that you, my poor papa, sold your coat to buy me an A B C book so that I could go to school, I ran away to see the puppets and the Showman wanted to put

me on the fire so that he could roast his mutton; and then he gave me five gold coins to bring to you, but I met the Fox and the Cat who led me to the Red Lobster Inn where, at my expense, they ate like wolves. Starting out alone at midnight I met two assassins who began to chase me. I ran and ran and they followed. And I ran and ran and still they followed until they caught me. They hanged me to a branch of The Grand Oak. And then a Beautiful Girl with blue hair sent a little carriage for me, and three doctors came to see me and they said: 'If he is not dead it is a sure sign that he is still alive.' Then I told a lie, and my nose began to grow, and it became so long that it would not go through the door of the room. Then I went with the Fox and the Cat to plant the four gold coins, for I had spent one at the Inn. Then the Parrot began to laugh, for instead of two thousand gold coins growing where I had planted four, I found none at all. And when the Judge knew that I had been robbed, he sent me to prison immediately, to give satisfaction to the thieves. Then on coming away from that place I saw a nice bunch of grapes in a field, where I was caught in a trap set for a polecat. The peasant unmercifully put a dog's collar on me

and set me to watch the poultry-yard. When I caught the polecats he recognised my innocence and let me go free. The Serpent with the tail that smoked began to laugh, and it laughed until it burst a blood-vessel. Then I returned to the house of the Beautiful Girl, but she was dead. And the Dove, seeing me cry, said: 'I have seen your papa who was building himself a small boat to go in search of you,' and I said to him, 'Oh, if I only had wings!' And he said: 'Do you want to go to your papa?' And I answered him: 'Ay — yes! were it only possible, but who would take me there?'

"And he said to me 'Get on my back!' and so we flew all night. The next morning all the fishermen on the shore looked off toward the sea and said to me: 'There is a poor man out in a little boat and he will surely drown.' I looked, and even at that distance recognised you because my heart told me that it was you. I made signs to you to return to the beach."

"I recognised you, too," said Gepetto, "and I would gladly have returned to the shore but how could I manage it? The sea was heavy and a big wave upset the boat. Then a horrible Shark, seeing me in the water, ran at me and

putting out its tongue took me in with one lick as if I had been a cake of bologna.”

“And how long have you been shut up in here?” asked Pinocchio.

“From that day to this, it must be about two years; two years my Pinocchio — it seems like two centuries.”

“And how have you managed to live? And where did you find this candle? And the matches to light it, who gave them to you?”

“Now I will tell you all. You must know, then, that the same storm that caused my little boat to capsize caused a merchant ship to sink. The sailors saved themselves, but the vessel went to the bottom and the insatiable Shark that swallowed me swallowed the ship as well.”

“How! Do you mean to say that he swallowed that ship in one mouthful?” asked Pinocchio in astonishment.

“All in one mouthful — and it spat out only the mainmast because it had caught in its teeth like a fish bone. Luckily for me that ship was loaded, not only with preserved meat in tin boxes, but also with biscuit, toasted bread, bottles of wine, raisins, cheese, coffee, sugar, sperm candles, and boxes of wax matches. With all this godsend I have been able to live

two years. But to-day I am hard up. To-day there is nothing in the pantry. And this candle that you see burning is the last candle that I have."

"And what will you do when that is gone?"

"When that is gone we shall remain in the dark."

"Then, my daddy, there is no time to lose. We must escape immediately."

"Escape? How?"

"We must escape from the mouth of the Shark and swim away in the sea."

"You reason well, but my dear Pinocchio I do not know how to swim."

"That's no matter! Get on my back. I am a good swimmer. I will take you safe and sound to the shore."

"It is only a fancy, my boy, just an illusion," said Gepetto, shaking his head sadly. "Do you think that you, a puppet only three feet high, would have sufficient strength to swim with me on your shoulders?"

"Try it and you'll see. At any rate, if it be written in heaven that we *must* die, we shall have the consolation of dying together."

And without more ado Pinocchio took the candle in his hand, and, walking before his father

to hold the light and lead the way, said: "Follow me and do not fear!"

Thus they walked a long way and traversed the entire length of the Shark's stomach. But when they reached the point where the spacious throat of the monster began, they stopped to look around to seize the best opportunity for escaping.

Now it must be known that the Shark, being very old and suffering from asthma and palpitation of the heart, was obliged to sleep with his mouth open. It happened, therefore, that Pinocchio, standing at the opening of the throat and looking upward, could see out of the enormous mouth the starry sky and beautiful moonlight.

"This is the right moment to escape!" he whispered; then turning to his papa, he said: "The Shark sleeps like a dormouse — the sea is calm, and one can see as well as by daylight. Come on, then, daddy, follow me, and in a little while we shall be safe."

No sooner said than done. They climbed up the throat of the sea monster and, arriving in that immense mouth, began to walk on tip-toe over the tongue—such a long and broad tongue that it seemed the avenue of a garden.

And just as they were ready to make the great leap into the sea the Shark sneezed. In sneezing it gave such a violent shake that Pinocchio and Gepetto were thrown back to the bottom of the Shark's stomach. The candle was blown out and both father and son were left in the dark.

"And now!" exclaimed Pinocchio, becoming very serious.

"Now, my boy! We are done for!" said Gepetto, in despair.

"Lost? Oh, no! Give me your hand, daddy, and take care not to slip."

"Where are you leading me?"

"We must again make the attempt to escape. Come with me and do not be afraid."

Saying this, Pinocchio took his father's hand, and walking on tiptoe always, climbed up the throat of the Monster once more. Then they went the whole length of the tongue and leaped over three ranges of teeth. Before taking the great jump into the sea, however, the puppet said: "Get on my back, daddy, and keep your arms around me tight. I'll see that you come out all right."

As soon as Gepetto was firmly seated on the shoulders of his son, the brave Pinocchio,

certain of success, threw himself into the water and began to swim. The sea was as smooth as oil. The moon was shining in all her splendour, and the Shark continued to sleep. He slept so soundly that not even a cannon shot could have awakened him.

CHAPTER XXXVI

PINOCCHIO BECOMES A REAL BOY

WHILE Pinocchio was swimming with all possible swiftness to reach the shore quickly, he noticed that his father, who sat on his shoulders with his feet in the water, was shivering as if he had an intermittent fever. Was he trembling with cold or from fear? Who knows? Perhaps a little of both. But Pinocchio, believing that the trembling was caused by fear, began to comfort him.

“Courage, daddy,” he said. “In a few minutes we shall reach the land and then we shall be safe.”

“But where is that blessed land?” asked the old man, becoming yet more uneasy and looking fixedly as tailors do when they thread a needle. “I am looking in every direction, but I see only sky and sea.”

“But I see a beach!” said the puppet. “You must know that I am like the cats — I can see better by night than by day.”

Poor Pinocchio! He pretended to be in high

courage, but in reality he was beginning to lose heart. His strength was failing him. He breathed with difficulty. He was entirely exhausted and the shore was far off.

He swam until he had no breath; then he turned his head toward Gepetto and said in broken words: "Help me! my papa, for I am dying!"

Both father and son were on the point of drowning when suddenly they heard a voice like a guitar out of tune which said:

"Who is dying?"

"It is I and my poor papa."

"You are Pinocchio. I recognise your voice."

"Precisely; and who are you?"

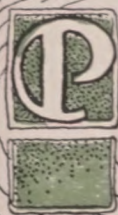
"I am the tunny-fish, your companion in captivity in the stomach of the Shark."

"And how did you escape?"

"I followed your example. You showed me the way; after I saw you escape, I escaped too."

"Mr Tunny, you have come just in time! I pray you, for the love you bear your little Tunnies, your children, help us or we are lost!"

"Gladly! With all my heart. Hang on to my fins and let yourselves be pulled along. In four minutes I will bring you to the shore."



ermit me to give you a kiss,
Mr. Tunny-fish!

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Gepetto and Pinocchio, as you can well imagine, lost no time in accepting the invitation. But instead of holding on to the fins they thought it would be more comfortable to sit on the back of the tunny-fish.

“Are we too heavy?” asked Pinocchio.

“Heavy? Not at all! Not as heavy as two shadows! You seem to me like sea-shells,” replied the tunny-fish, which was of such a huge size and so strong that it looked like a two-year-old calf.

Having reached the shore, Pinocchio jumped off first and then helped his papa. Then he turned to the tunny-fish, and with a voice tender with emotion said:

“My friend, you have saved the life of my papa. Words cannot thank you enough. Allow me to give you a kiss, as a sign of eternal gratitude!”

The tunny-fish put his nose out of the water, and Pinocchio knelt down on the ground and gave him a very affectionate kiss. At this act of spontaneous tenderness the poor tunny-fish, who was not accustomed to it, was so moved that he began crying like a baby, and he was so ashamed to be seen crying that he hid his head under the water and disappeared.

Meanwhile it became daylight, and Pinocchio offered his arm to Gepetto, who had just enough breath left to stand up on his feet.

"Lean on my arm, dear daddy," he said, "and let us go. We will walk slowly, slowly, like the ants, and when we are tired we will rest by the roadside."

"And where shall we go?" asked Gepetto.

"In search of a house where they will give us, out of charity, a mouthful of bread to eat and some straw to lie on."

They had not gone a hundred steps when they saw, close to the road, two ugly-faced creatures who stood there in the attitude of beggars asking alms. They were the Cat and the Fox, but they had changed so that they could hardly be recognised. The Cat had kept his eyes closed until he had become blind. The Fox had grown old and moth-eaten and paralysed on one side, and had not even the tail left. That wretched thief had fallen into the lowest depths of poverty and found himself, one fine morning, compelled to sell his beautiful tail to a hawker who bought it to make himself a fly whisk.

"Oh, Pinocchio," cried the Fox, with a mournful voice. "Give a little charity to two poor invalids."

"Farewell, cheats," replied the puppet. "You deceived me once and you will not catch me again."

"Believe us, Pinocchio. To-day we are poor and unfortunate indeed!"

"Indeed!" repeated the Cat.

"If you are poor, you deserve it. Remember the proverb which says, 'Stolen money never brings any good.' Adieu, deceivers!"

"Have pity on us!"

"On us!" said the Cat.

"Good bye, deceivers! Remember the proverb: 'Satan's flour makes bad bread.'"

"Do not abandon us."

"Us!" repeated the Cat.

"Good bye, deceivers. Remember the proverb: 'He who steals the cloak of his neighbour usually dies without a shirt.'"

And so saying Gepetto and Pinocchio tranquilly went their way. Having gone a short distance they came to a lane. At the end of the lane in the middle of a field there was a little house made of straw and the roof was made of flat tiles.

"That house must be inhabited by somebody," said Pinocchio. "Let us go and knock," and they went and knocked at the door.

"Who is it?" said a voice inside.

"We are a poor old father and his son without food or shelter," replied the puppet.

"Turn the key and the door will open," said the same voice.

Pinocchio turned the key and the door opened. As soon as they entered they looked here and they looked there but saw no one. "The master of the house, where is he?" said Pinocchio, astonished.

"I am up here!"

Father and son turned quickly and looked toward the ceiling, and on a rafter they saw the Speaking Cricket.

"Oh, my dear Cricket!" said Pinocchio, greeting it politely.

"Now you call me your dear Cricket — do you not? But you remember when you tried to chase me out of your house and threw a hammer at me."

"You are right, Cricket. Turn me out also. Throw a hammer at me. But have pity on my poor papa."

"I will have pity on father and son also. But I thought best to remind you of your unkind actions toward me, to teach you that in this world one must be courteous to all if we

wish to be treated with courtesy in the hour of need."

"You are right, Cricket; you are right, and I shall bear in mind the lesson you have taught me. But tell me, how did you manage to buy this fine house?"

"This house was given to me yesterday by a gracious Goat that had beautiful blue hair."

"Where has the Goat gone?" asked Pinocchio with lively curiosity.

"I do not know."

"And when will she return?"

"She will never return. Yesterday she went away bleating sorrowfully — and bleating she seemed to say, 'Poor Pinocchio, I shall never see him again! The Shark has surely devoured him.'"

"Did she really say that? Then it was she! It was my little Fairy!" sighed Pinocchio, and he began to cry immoderately.

After crying a long time he dried his eyes, and having prepared a nice straw bed for his father, he laid Gepetto on it, comfortably stretched out. Then he said to the Speaking Cricket, "Tell me, my dear Cricket, where can I find a glass of milk for my poor papa?"

"Three fields from here you will find a

vegetable gardener who keeps cows. Go to him and you will find all the milk you want."

Pinocchio hastened to the house of the gardener, who said to him: "How much milk do you want?"

"I want a glassful."

"A glass of milk costs a cent. Give me the cent and I will give you the milk."

"I have not even a farthing," replied Pinocchio, mortified and disappointed.

"Bad, my puppet," said the gardener. "If you have not even a farthing, I have not even a spoonful of milk."

"Patience!" said Pinocchio, and moved to go away.

"Wait a moment," said the gardener. "I think we can arrange it. Are you willing to turn that swing-pulley?"

"What is a swing-pulley?"

"It is that machine that serves to draw up water from the cistern for watering the garden."

"I will try."

"Very well — draw me a hundred bucketfuls and I will give you a glass of milk."

"All right!"

The gardener took the puppet into the garden and showed him how to use the pulley. Pinoc-

chio set to work, but before he had drawn up a hundred pailfuls of water he was wet with perspiration from head to foot. He was never so tired in all his life.

"This work has always been done by my little donkey," said the gardener, "but to-day he is on his last legs."

"Will you take me to see him?" said Pinocchio.

"Willingly."

Pinocchio went to the stable, and as soon as he entered he saw a little donkey stretched out on the straw, dying of starvation and overwork. After looking it in the face, scanning the features fixedly, he said to himself:

"I know that little donkey. It is not a new face to me." And stooping down he asked in the dialect of donkeys:

"Who are you?"

At this question the little donkey opened his dying eyes, and stammering, replied in the same dialect, "I am Lamp Wick." Then he closed his eyes and expired.

"Oh, my poor Lamp Wick," said Pinocchio in a low voice — and taking a handful of straw dried a tear that was running down his face.

"You are very sorry for a donkey that does

not cost you anything, are you not?" asked the gardener. "Then what should I say who have paid ready cash for him?"

"He was a friend of mine," said Pinocchio.

"Your friend?"

"A schoolmate of mine!"

"How is that?" said the gardener, bursting into laughter. "We can imagine what kind of studying you did."

At these words the puppet was much mortified and so he did not reply. He took his glass of nice fresh milk and went back to Gepetto.

And from that day on, for five months, Pinocchio continued to rise every morning before dawn to wind the swing-pulley and earn the glass of milk which helped to restore to health his poor, weak papa. Nor was he satisfied with that; he learned to make baskets and hampers of rushes, and with the money he earned he paid all their daily expenses. Among other things he made, all by himself, an elegant little cart in which he took his papa about to enjoy the fresh air on fine days.

During the evening hours he practised reading and writing. In the neighbouring village he bought a big book, without frontispiece or index, for a few pennies, and this book served

him for his readings. In writing he used a skewer, cut to resemble a pen, and having neither ink nor inkstand he dipped it into a bottle of cherry and mulberry juice.

In fact, he behaved so well, doing his best at work and trying to educate himself, that he succeeded, not only in providing a comfortable living for his father — who was always delicate in health, but also he laid aside forty cents with which to buy some new clothes.

One morning he said to his father, "I am going to the shop to buy myself a jacket, a cap, and a pair of shoes."

"When I return home," he said, laughing, "I shall be so well dressed, daddy, that you will take me for a rich nobleman."

He was so happy and merry that he began to run as soon as he was out of the house. All at once he heard himself called by name, and on looking around he saw a beautiful Snail coming out from the hedge.

"Do you not know me?" asked the Snail.

"It seems as if I did, but I am in doubt," said Pinocchio.

"Do you not recollect that Snail who was serving-maid to the Fairy with the Blue Hair? Do you not remember the time when I came

down to bring you a light when you were caught with a foot in the door?"

"I remember everything," cried Pinocchio. "Answer me at once, beautiful little Snail; where have you left my good Fairy? What is she doing? Has she forgiven me? Does she still remember me? Does she always like me? Is she very far from here? Could I go to see her?"

To all of these questions, asked in such a hurry, without taking breath, the Snail replied with her usual slowness:

"My dear Pinocchio, the poor Fairy lies ill in a hospital!"

"In a hospital?"

"Alas, yes. After a thousand misfortunes she has fallen grievously ill, and she has not the means to buy herself a piece of bread."

"Truly? Oh, what a shock you have given me! Oh, my poor Fairy — my poor Fairy! If I had a million I would run and take it to her. But I have only forty cents with which I was going to buy some clothes. Here is the money. Run and give it to her, my good Snail."

"And what will you do for new clothes?"

"I care nothing about new clothes. I would

sell the rags I have on in order to help her. Go, Snail, and be quick. Return in two days and I hope to be able to give you something more. Until now I have worked to keep my daddy. Henceforth I shall work more hours to keep my good mamma also. Farewell, Snail. I shall look for you in two days."

The Snail, contrary to her usual habit, began to run like a lizard in the dog-days of August. When Pinocchio returned home his papa asked:

"Where are your new clothes, Pinocchio?"

"I did not buy any, daddy. Patience! I will buy them another time."

That evening Pinocchio, instead of sitting up until ten o'clock, sat up until after midnight, and instead of making eight rush-baskets he made sixteen. Then he went to bed and fell asleep. And in sleep he seemed to see as in a dream the beautiful Fairy, all smiling and radiant, who, after having given him an affectionate kiss, said to him, "Brave Pinocchio! Thanks to your good heart, I forgive you all your wrong doings. Boys who lovingly assist their parents in their needs and in their sicknesses deserve great affection although they may not be models of good judgment. Be wise for the future."

Here the dream ended, and Pinocchio woke up with his eyes wide open.

Imagine his astonishment when, on waking, he found that he was no longer a wooden puppet — but that he had become a real boy, like all the others. He looked around, and instead of the straw walls of a hut, he saw a beautiful room, well ordered and furnished with simplicity. Jumping out of bed, he found fine new clothes, a new cap, and a pair of leather boots which fitted him exactly.

As soon as he had dressed himself he naturally put his hands into his pockets, and he took out a small ivory purse on which were written these words: “The Fairy with the Blue Hair returns the forty cents to her dear Pinocchio, and thanks him for his good heart.” Opening the purse, instead of forty copper cents he found forty shining gold sequins, new from the mint.

Then he happened to look in the looking-glass, and it seemed to him that he was some other person. He did not see the usual figure of a wooden puppet. He saw the image of a lively, intelligent boy, with brown hair, blue eyes, and a happy face, a face like an Easter day of roses.

In the midst of this procession of marvels,

Pinocchio scarcely knew whether it was all really true or whether he was in Dreamland.

"And my daddy, where is he?" cried Pinocchio, and running into the next room he found Gepetto, merry and lively and as robust as when he was young. He had resumed his profession of carving in wood, and was designing a beautiful frame, rich in foliage and flowers and miniature heads of various animals.

"Dear papa," cried Pinocchio, "do explain to me all this sudden change. How do you account for it?" And he threw his arms around his father's neck and covered him with kisses.

"It is your reward," said Gepetto.

"Why my reward?" asked Pinocchio.

"Because when boys, turning from the bad, become good, they have the power to give a new and smiling aspect to the entire household."

"And the old wooden Pinocchio! Where has he hidden himself?"

"There he is!" replied Gepetto, and pointed out to him a big wooden puppet leaning against a chair with its head hanging down on one side, its arms dangling, its legs crossed and bent half over, so that it seemed a miracle that it could stand up at all.

Pinocchio turned to look at it, and after scan-

ning it closely, he said to himself with great satisfaction:

“How funny I was, when I was a puppet! And how glad I am that I have become a real boy!”

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS AND TEACHERS

THE Marvellous Adventures of Pinocchio are full of "seed-thoughts," ethical points that should not be passed over with the mere pleasure of reading. Every child is preparing for the great battle of life where he must stand alone and be an independent citizen, using his own initiative for better or for worse. A child is never ready to act alone, he is never ready to stand independently, until he has learned to obey those few simple laws prepared and enforced by a great and benevolent Providence for the common good. A child is never a good citizen as long as a rod must be held over him to make him do right. "Will you be good, my little laddie, because you are compelled to it, like a slave? Or will you be good because you choose to be?" These are the questions ever before the mother and teacher. A little careful discussion of an ethical question with a child is often an "ounce of prevention" which is worth more than a "pound of cure."

Chapter I. Compare the stick of wood which could "laugh and cry *like a baby*" with the golden dogs *guarding* the palace of Ulysses. What is to be thought of the people who called a good old man "Mr. Cherry" because he had a "purple nose?" George Washington said: "Look not upon the blemishes of another."

Chapter II. Good old Gepetto had a yellow wig and was sensitive about it. Was it polite to call him Polendina?

Chapter III. Gepetto's home, its simplicity compared

with the humble cottage of Robert Burns and Lincoln's cabin. Contrast with the palaces of unhappy kings. The joy of Gepetto in his humble work, the artist's joy, "To create like a God—to hover over the shapeless and see it take form." The childishness of the two old men who call each other names and then shake hands and "make up." The audacity of Pinocchio in pulling off his father's wig and sticking out his tongue at him. Is a child justified in being impudent and troublesome just because he is little? The carefulness of Gepetto in cutting and recutting the wood. The people in the street who take up the cause of the naughty boy. The policeman who gives way to popular opinion and punishes the wrong person.

Chapter IV. The Speaking Cricket, does it represent conscience, or is it "The Good Fairy" represented by all good mothers?

Chapter V. Does Pinocchio when hungry care more for his papa? Compare with animals that become tame while taking food.

Chapter VI. The old man who poured water on Pinocchio; was he justified in doing it?

Chapter VII. The self-pity of Pinocchio—his long speech—do children "run on" in that fashion? Gepetto listened. Did he say a word about his unjust imprisonment? What was his chief concern? What point in Pinocchio's speech did he remember? Gepetto's action—giving up his breakfast—was he justified in doing it?

Chapter VIII. Was Gepetto justified in giving Pinocchio new feet? Compare the neat operation with the operations of oculists and other surgeons in hospitals. Compare "I look exactly like a gentleman!" with Gepetto's reply, "I was warm enough without it." Compare Gepetto's delicacy with Pinocchio's crudeness. "Pinocchio under-

stood"—could he really understand? What do these little touches of sensitiveness and affection in Pinocchio indicate. Are they the "budding moments" of a developed character?

Chapter IX. "Fantastic schemes and fancies ran in his little brain." "To-day I want to learn to read; to-morrow I shall learn to write—the day after I shall learn to use numbers." Is a child's mind usually full of air-castles? Are air-castles dangerous? Compare Pinocchio's impatient ideas of getting an education quickly and out of books with Froebel's "Learn to do by doing" and with the long, patient, careful study of inventors like Edison, Fulton, Palissy. Pinocchio wanted his "education" so that he could "earn money." Compare with Froebel's idea of the uses of education. "To-day I will go to hear the fifes and to-morrow I will go to school." Does the author intend that it is better, in this case, for the child to follow his own leading? Was it right for "the boy" to call Pinocchio a "clever blockhead" and taunt him because he wore a "flowered paper jacket," etc?

Chapter X. Puppet-shows. In what great classics are they mentioned? What peoples have cared most for them? The puppets are pulled by strings to make them act. See "Don Quixote,"—Scribner's School Reading Series. Does the author of "Pinocchio" intend to represent all stupid people, who act from no inner leadings, as puppets? (See the *Century* magazine for June, 1908, Herford's "Puppet Singer.") The love of puppets for one another—how they are all cut after one pattern. (See Herford's "The Gentle Art of Illustrating"—Scribners.) Let the children cut paste-board puppets and make miniature representations of scenes in life.

Chapter XI. The tenderness of Fire-Eater. The bravery of Pinocchio.

Chapter XII. The Fox and the Cat. What does the author intend to represent by the "Field of Miracles?"

Chapter XIII. "The affront."

Chapter XV. The Beautiful Girl with the blue hair—what the author means by the "blue hair." Why it was necessary to the artistic value of the story to hang the puppet.

Chapter XVI. "The barbered dog;" we often see French poodles peculiarly shaven in spots and having a ribbon tied above the tassel at the end of the tail. "Whipped cream and cakes" as a lining for a carriage for a poor little hungry boy. Our dog, Max, makes friends with the baker whose waggon is lined with pies. My translator has sent me samples of the cakes mentioned in the text. They are called "Savoardi" and resemble our "lady-fingers" and are covered with cream-coloured chocolate. In America the carriage would doubtless have been lined with cream caramels or ice-cream. Why did the Fairy have the carriage lined with dainties? The three doctors,—which one told the truth?

Chapter XVII. Taking the medicine. Do children act as Pinocchio did? Does every child's "nose" grow long when he tells a lie? The author's meaning.

Chapter XVIII. The cat's paw. Was Pinocchio excusable for believing in the Fox and the Cat after all the evidence he had that he himself had bitten off a cat's paw? What shall we think of a boy who runs into the same trap continually? Has a child a right to the evidence of his own senses? How far are we justified in being stupid?

Chapter XIX. Did the Judge do right in putting Pinocchio in prison for being robbed? What does the author mean?

Chapter XX. Pinocchio finds a "horrible serpent in the way." Is there always a serpent in the road for the irresolute? "The serpent exploded with laughter." The

flimsiness of fears. Was Pinocchio justified in stealing the grapes because he was hungry?

Chapter XXI. Was it clever in the farmer to put a boy on the watch for robbers after catching him stealing?

Chapter XXII. The polecat, how a polecat looks, valuable fur, habits. "You give a polecat the whole road," says a celebrated naturalist. Why? Melampo compared with a real watch-dog. This chapter is a most important one, as it opens the way for instruction in political duties, avoiding compacts with knaves, the taking of fees and bribes, and "commissions." I have known an instance of children being bribed with candy and ice-cream to induce them to give false evidence against a teacher whose position was wanted by political intriguers. Children "will not tell on one another" because it is not "honourable." To what extent is this "for the common good"?

Chapter XXIII. The death of the Fairy. How to destroy "a good Fairy." The Pigeon, is it "the good Fairy" come to life in another form? The chick-peas, why they tasted good. The patient search of Gepetto.

Chapter XXIV. "I was not born to work." Compare with "I come among you as one who serves." Does it show good taste to be lazy, to live without labour, to live on money earned by other people, to exclude working people from our parlours, to invite only the rich, or the elegant, or the "cultured," or the fashionable? Have old people or the infirm "a right to beg"? What shall be said of a country which allows the old and infirm to beg? The rights of the aged and infirm. Is there any country where the aged are provided for? Mothers should make a great point of instructing children concerning the rights of the aged and the poor. (See "*Cuore*" by De Amicis.) Pinocchio gets exceedingly good ethical training from the poor working people.

Chapter XXV. Why the "little girl" was suddenly transformed into a woman. Why a puppet always remains a puppet. Compare with the hardshell crab that must shed its skin occasionally in order to grow.

Chapter XXVI. Pinocchio at school. His comrades who "roar" at his ugly personality. The sensitiveness of people who are homely. Is a child to blame for being so vulgar and bad-blooded as to notice defects in others? Is it possible for a person of good blood to make fun of the personal appearance of another or even to notice it? Name several distinguished people who were very defective in personal appearance but of great good to the public. The practice of conferring respectful attention on the rich, the fashionable, the person of "pleasing personality," the celebrated, is becoming too deadly and rank in this country. It is high time to crush it and stamp it as the serpent it is. Pinocchio's resentment. Was he justified in kicking back? What Roosevelt says about the treatment of bullies. "Too many companions." Compare Pinocchio with people of few companions. Which saves time? "Cease to be whirled around."

Chapter XXVIII. Alidoro.

Chapter XXIX. The Snail. Why she was so slow. Why the food she brought was of plaster. Was there any likeness in this to Pinocchio's conduct?

Chapter XXX. The bad companion.

Chapter XXXI. The Country of Playthings. The translator says that this may be called, also, the Land of Children's Toys, or the Land of Delights, or the Country of Simpletons. Is a child justified in playing all the time? Should he have some simple duties, some really hard work, every day? Would you rather build a really solid little play-house that can be of use or a mere shack or shanty?

Chapter XXXII. The Oily Driver (see Franklin's

"Turning the Grindstone," also the Flatterer in "Pilgrim's Progress)." How important it is for children to learn to avoid the "Oily Driver." Here are some Oily Drivers: The man who is friendly that he may borrow your money; the man who gives you a big dinner or a carriage-ride that he may secure your vote at the polls; the man who votes your way in the State Legislature that he may secure your influence toward electing him to the United States Legislature. Why was it necessary for Pinocchio to begin hearing with donkey's ears?

Chapter XXXIII. The Manager. Why did the author intentionally make him use "bad English" or "bad Italian." The translator says that it was to show him in his true light — an uneducated showman. The lesson of this chapter is most important. It shows the result of being persistently dull and not open to suggestion.

Chapter XXXIV. The escape. "You have reckoned without the Fairy." How can a child reckon "without the Fairy"? If the Fairy — the mother, oftentimes — persists, she will win.

Chapter XXXV. The meeting of Pinocchio with his father. "Give me your hand, daddy, and take care not to slip!" The transference of responsibility from the father to the son, the turning point in Pinocchio's life. Is responsibility necessary to the making of a "real" boy?

Chapter XXXVI. Why is Pinocchio at last allowed to become a "real" boy? Are all children just puppets until they "find themselves," learn to care for others? Is a man or a woman justified in being just a puppet?

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